National Anti-Slavery Standard.

S. H. GAY, OLIVER JOHNSON, } ..... Editors.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY, Corresponding Editor.

VOL. XIV. NO. 45. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1854. WHOLE NO. 721.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, on Saturday, by the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, at their office, No. 142 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK. Terms, *Two Dollars* per annum. Printed, for the American Anti-Slavery Society, by NORRIS & JOHNSTON, printers, No. 21 Spruce street, New York.

Pro-Slavery.

MR. MITCHEL AND HIS ASSAILANTS.

We open a place in our present number for a letter on Slavery, from the pen of the great Irish patriot. Its length will not weary the reader. Mr. Mitchel stands on impregnable ground, defending a Scriptural Institution by Scriptural arguments. It is a significant fact in connection with this discussion, that neither of the Anti-Slavery champions has dared to meet him upon this ground. Unwittingly they have sent him to the proof. He has proved too hard for them. Instead of returning abuse for abuse, a sort of contest in which the ultra Horace and the boyish Henry have a wonderful dexterity and would enjoy an infinite fine fun, the unmanageable creature has betaken himself to demonstrations. He has not tickled Horace with a single metaphysical straw. He has not given Henry the advantage of any rhetorical flourishes. How hardly both of them take this preposterous treatment, their articles loudly declare.

Mr. Greeley has absolutely nothing to say in reply to Mr. Mitchel's principal proof of the justice of his position. The latter had declared that he did not believe slave-holding to be wrong; that, on the contrary, he would be glad to own a well-stocked plantation in Alabama. *For our part, we wish that some wealthy Southerner of that State would make him a present of one!* The *Tribune* assails him fiercely. He defends himself by showing, among other evidences, that the Bible, which we all admit to be the charter of civil and religious liberty, does itself sanction the institution of Slavery. The case is clearly made out. What then is left for the *Tribune* to do? What evasion is possible? None. Mr. Greeley can only resort to one of the oldest and most transparent of ruses. These are "stale arguments," he says, and so excuses himself from a reply.

Other reasons than logical ones may indeed have influenced the great Fourierite. Is not his religion hostile to the Bible? Whether the Bible sustains or denounces any institution will be a matter of small concern, when a man has convinced himself that all duty is human in its origin, and all passion divine in its promptings. But possibly the bold utterance of such a principle might operate as a dreadful spell upon the heretofore prosperous growth of the *Tribune*—a paper numbering among its subscribers a host of Northern clergymen. It is quite convenient to hold a commercial morality which does not greatly interfere with one's success in business. It is quite convenient to have so elastic a creed that you can put it in your pocket upon occasions.

But what of Mr. Beecher, a professed teacher of Christian morals? From him we might look for a reply to the Biblical argument. Some three years ago, Mr. Beecher undertook to discuss this very subject in a lecture before the Anti-Slavery Society—altogether the most pitiable malformation that we have seen from his pen. We speak thus strongly because we found it difficult to rid ourselves of the impression at the time that the gifted lecturer had perverted the express teachings of the Bible for the sake of popular applause. We would have rejoiced to find in his reply to Mr. Mitchel something of a nobler sort. But we have sought in vain for a single manly admission of the teachings of the Bible upon this subject. He evades Mr. Mitchel's issue. He refuses to recognise the question as to the right or wrong of Slavery, as having any relation to the Bible. Nay, he even insinuates contempt for the authority of the Bible when it bears upon this subject. "It is doubtless more agreeable to you," he says, "to stumble over *the records of rude society four thousand years ago*, and to talk about Moses and the patriarchs, than to ponder what John Mitchel—the Irish patriot—said but the other day about American Slavery. I shall not suffer that new issue to be made." He narrows down the question to the isolated case of Mr. Mitchel, recommending him, "as soon as he has leisure from Moses and the patriarchs," to turn his attention to his own defence. "Who cares," he says, "just now, whether Abraham might hold slaves, or Moses? We wish to know how a braggadocio for liberty, who has filled the whole world with uproar about human rights, can reconcile liberty and slaveholding." As if popular liberty was not enjoyed by the confederate, slave-holding tribes of Israel! Or as if it were not quite pertinent to Mr. Mitchel's defence to show that the institution for whose advocacy he had been denounced as an apostate to the rights of man had itself the sanction of him from whom all those rights proceed!

Mr. Beecher's case is weak. A rotten trunk is visible under all the foliage and wild festoons and luxuriant overlacings of his rhetoric. An honest patriot, illustrious for his services and sufferings in the cause of national liberty, has spoken his mind about the institution of domestic servitude; and the whole Anti-Slavery host have launched at his brave breast their innumerable Lilliputian javelins. They have opened their mouths against him. They would fain have drowned him in a Niagara of denunciation. Mere sounds, terrible to hares, but not to men with souls in them. Phantoms of diseased imaginations, harmless as the painted dragons of a Chinese army! Prodigious puffs of bad breath, soon congealed in those frosty latitudes and already scattered on the winds! And there where the white vapours were thickest, stands John Mitchel uninjured, his hand resting on God's blessed book, his eyes glowing with the same calm courage as that which bearded the British Lion in his den.—*Southern Baptist, Charleston, S. C.*—*Rev. E. T. Winkler, Editor.*

NEBRASKA.

The manufacturers of the Northern Anti-Slavery sentiment have been holding great meetings, and delivering stirring speeches, on the proposed admission of Nebraska as a territory of the United States. On the 4th of January, Mr. Douglas, Senator from Illinois, reported, from the Committee on Territories, a bill providing for the government of Nebraska. This bill contained among its sections two which have served as texts for all the subsequent discussions of the measure. One was to the effect that when the said territory is to be admitted into the Union as a State or States, this shall be with or without Slavery, as the Constitution of the Territory at that time shall prescribe. and the other provides that the same laws, with regard to the rendition of fugitive slaves, as prevail in the States, shall be extended to Nebraska. These provisions have caused a perfect tempest of political excitement to break forth in the Northern States. Innumerable rostrums have been stamped by indignant feet. The services of Mr. Colton, the American Geographer, have been enlisted to portray the magnificent dimensions of Nebraska upon a great map, now spread before the eyes of excited crowds in the Tabernacle. The sacred rest of the Sabbath has been broken and the pulpit has been desecrated, again and again, by political discussions. Not to speak of the editors, who are all agog with a new subject to write about, the Rev. Messrs. Kirk and Parker have made Sunday preachments about Nebraska, and the philoprogenitive Dr. Beecher, with his own family, are praying and speechifying and prophesying about Nebraska to the four winds. Even our sleepy friend of the (Cincinnati) *Journal and Messenger* has waked up and frightens all contiguous stalls by braying persistently. The excitement must be prodigious!

* * * * * * * *

The Nebraska agitation is most manifestly a political stratagem, and its advocates are proceeding on the well known principle that everything is fair in war. Abolitionists and discontented office-seekers have taken this subject as a convenient masked battery, from behind which they can discharge their missiles at the present government and established institutions of the country. The bill of Mr. Douglas does not propose to make Nebraska a slave territory, as the Northern demagogues and clergy have in so many instances unblushingly asserted. It simply asserts, in behalf of the people of the territories, the sacred privilege of self-government. Disavowing all sectional favoritism, it concedes to the people the unquestionable right to adopt for themselves such domestic institutions as their own conscience and judgment, their circumstances and the character of their country may require. It proposes that the Congress of these United States shall cease to be, what it has so long been, an Anti-Slavery propaganda.

The bill calls, indeed, for the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, but of this the North has no right to complain. How did the North regard this compact, now so sacred in her estimation, when the South proposed, in strict accordance with its spirit, as a measure of peace and reconciliation, to extend it over all territories Westward of the Mississippi. It did not verbally include the territories subsequently wrested from Mexico, but its moral obligations did extend to all the Transmissippian region. How the North has regarded these obligations a single glance at the map will show. The whole Pacific Coast, with its world-renowned harbour of San Francisco and its splendid mineral endowments, and its vast commercial prospects, is in her hands, and will remain under her control forever. Down to the parallel of 32 deg. 30 sec. the South has not an inch of the soil. The Missouri Compromise has ceased to be a sacred compact. It is a dead letter. And we cannot but declare that to be a sad, if it is not "a new thing under the sun," when those who have indignantly trampled its provisions under their feet, now proclaim them as the political gospel of 1854.—*Ibid.*

THE SLAVERY PROGRAMME.

That staunch "Democratic" journal, the *Richmond Enquirer*, states the reasons for the acquisition of Cuba, in language which we here quote for the information of northern freemen.

"For several years past, events have been slowly maturing the present crisis in our relations with Cuba. Early in the history of the Government it was manifest that the Island must ultimately fall, from the necessity of its situation, under the dominion of the United States. The expansion of our territory in the direction of the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific ocean hastened the approach of this inevitable consummation. But the most decisive impulse to the progress of Cuban annexation was imparted by the attempt of Great Britain and France to intercept the event. The unwarrantable interference of European Powers in the political relations of this continent, with a view to limit the growth of the United States, excited a resentment throughout the country, which was infinitely aggravated by the disclosure of the particular policy they were pursuing for the accomplishment of their object. The moment it was discovered that Great Britain and France had resolved to thwart the United States by the *Africanization of Cuba*, that moment did the acquisition of Cuba become an event of the present day.

"With the lawless and predatory schemes of fillibusterism we have no sympathy; and it is not from any covetous impulse that we desire the acquisition of Cuba. Our view of the policy of this measure, as of every other, is determined by the paramount and controlling consideration of southern interests. It is because we regard the acquisition of Cuba as essential to the stability of the system of Slavery and to the just ascendancy of the South, that we consent to forego our habitual repugnance to political change, and to advocate a measure of such vast, and in some respects uncertain, consequences.

"Men of sanguine disposition may console themselves with the idea that compacts of compromise will avail to arrest the march of Abolitionists; but this notion rests, in our judgment, on an essentially erroneous conception of the nature and aim of Anti-Slavery fanaticism. This is a Cerberus which no concession can appease. The point in dispute which the South surrenders to-day becomes to-morrow the vantage ground of a fresh and more successful assault on its rights. As motion propagates motion, so does the progress of fanaticism generate a momentum which quickens its march. As with an army traversing a hostile country, every captured fortress becomes a bulwark of strength and a resource in defeat, so does each successive step in the progress of Abolition contribute to the security of its conquests and to the certainty of its ultimate triumph. Not the restriction or limitation of Slavery, but its complete and final extinction, is the object of the Abolitionists, and they will not pause in their career until they accomplish this result—unless the South should resolve to defend its rights by the only effectual mode of resistance.

"The only possible way by which the South can indemnify itself for its concessions to the Anti-Slavery fanaticism is by the acquisition of additional slave territory. It is idle and absurd to dream of converting one foot of soil now in possession to the use of Slavery. We may talk as much as we please of *non-intervention* and the rights of the South; but while the spirit of Abolition presides over the courts of justice and the halls of legislation, Slavery must be content with its present domain. The South is powerless, and cannot exact respect for its rights. The North is in the ascendant and may impose upon Slavery whatsoever restriction or burden it may choose. If we would restore to the South its proper position in the Confederacy, and the means of protecting its constitutional rights, we must re-enforce the power of Slavery as an element of political control. And this can only be done by the annexation of Cuba. In no other direction is there a chance for the aggrandizement of Slavery.

"If we contemplate the possible alternative of the disruption of the Union by the mad spirit of Abolition, the necessity for the acquisition of Cuba, as a support to the South, becomes even more manifest and urgent. With Cuba in the possession of a hostile interest, southern Slavery would be exposed to an assault which it could neither resist nor endure. With Cuba as a member of a great southern confederacy, Slavery might bid defiance to its enemies.

"There is another consideration which makes the annexation of Cuba a matter of the highest concern to the States of the South. The intrigues of Great Britain for the abolition of Slavery in the island are pursued with a zeal and energy which cannot fail of success, unless the United States interpose to prevent the consummation. The only effectual mode by which this may be done is by the transfer of the island to the dominion of the States. If this be done, we may defeat the British scheme of a black republic on the borders of the South."

The Reference of the Nebraska Bill to the Committee of the Whole.—The proceedings of Tuesday last in the House of Representatives excite our deepest concern. It will be seen that the Nebraska-Kansas bill that came down from the Senate was referred to the Committee of the Whole, and not to the Committee on Territories. The effect of this action is to take the bill from the control of a committee which would have promptly reported it back to the House, and whose docket is small, to the committee of the whole House, pre-occupied with an immense mass of business, inflated with faction, sedition and wind—and, we understand, controlled by a rule, inflexible as a law of the Medes and Persians, which requires every bill to await its turn on the calendar. The action of the House consigns the bill, if this information be true, to months of slumber on the table, and seriously endangers its final passage.

The issue between the Constitution and Anti-Slavery fanaticism can never be so fairly made as upon this very bill. Heretofore we have had only compromise and bargain—ever but temporary settlements of great controversies. *The country can have no peace under past adjustments.* The Constitution is the only basis of peace. The issue is upon that. Let there be the fullest latitude of discussion now. Let Northern fanaticism do its worst to frighten Northern representatives from their fidelity to the Constitution, and let us understand clearly, definitely and finally whether the Constitution is, in fact, the supreme law of the land—not merely in the disabilities and inequalities to which it subjects the South, but in the rights and privileges it confers upon her.

The grave question has been palliated, avoided, and compromised with, long enough. *There must now be a final settlement*—a clear and fixed understanding—between the South and the North, whether the Constitution is or is not the supreme law. In order to that, there should be no endeavour to smuggle this bill through its stages. Let fanaticism do its worst; and let us understand, once for all, whether the higher law is really stronger at the North than the Constitution. If it is, *the Union must be dissolved in form as well as fact.* Parliamentary legerdemain may prevent Northern trimmers from showing their hands and disclosing their true feelings. As the door has now been opened for latitudinous discussion, the South will be enabled to learn her true friends, and her real enemies. Let us have no dodging now. Let the session of Congress be prolonged until the Nebraska bill is reached and finally acted upon; and let no Northern Democrat, with a dough-face, be permitted to escape a vote by consigning the bill to positions where it cannot be reached.—*Richmond Examiner, March 24.*

Selections.

"AGITATION" IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

Correspondence of The New York Tribune.

Wheeling, Va., March 19, 1854.

There have been of late some rather peculiar developments in this city, which would, I think, interest some of your readers. A few months since the people here voted, by a considerable majority, to grant no licenses to sell liquor within the city. This subject coming up in some form before the Virginia Legislature, they raised the hue and cry of *Abolitionism, Maine Law, and Northern Fanaticism*, and passed a law, *taking away from the people of this city the right to refuse to grant licenses*, thus letting loose again in our midst the monster of intemperance. The Temperance men here were very naturally incensed at this action of the House of Delegates. One of the daily papers, the *Times and Gazette*, indulged in some very severe strictures on this honourable body, and denounced their course of action as tyrannical. This same paper has also boldly opposed the Nebraska bill and the extension of slave territory, and declared its belief that the institution of Slavery exerts a baneful influence upon the white race in Virginia.

"It will be seen from the foregoing that we are *opposed to any more slave territory.* We are opposed to Northern States interfering with Slavery in the States where it now is; but we believe it *to be their duty to stand up manfully and firmly against the extension of it*, while we consider those who yield the question, for the sake Southern favour, are corrupt politicians and unworthy of public confidence."

"We have no disposition to interfere with it so long as it does not *interfere with us.* We are opposed to the abolition of Slavery, setting the negroes free among the people; but are in favour of a measure like that proposed by Gov. McDowell, in 1831, for a gradual extirpation of it, or we should be in favour of the State purchasing up all the slaves from the Treasury and sending them off to Liberia and then *prohibiting any more in the States.*"

The quotations above have drawn down wholesale denunciations from the press of Virginia. The three other daily papers in wheeling have, in consequence of the appearance of these sentiments, denounced the editor of the *Times and Gazette as an Abolitionist*, as "*a traitor to the* SACRED *institutions of our forefathers*," and his articles as "*Anti-Virginian*," as an *outrage* upon the sentiments of our whole population, &c. They have also taken this occasion to abuse, blackguard and traduce Northern men and Northern principles generally. Particularly severe have they been upon, as they term them, "the d——d Yankees." I quote the following from an article headed "Massachusetts Clergymen": "The course of the Clergy of Massachusetts has ever been more politico than religioso in its character, and from such a set of men we *expect* and *require* nothing *but incendiarism and fanaticism.*" The same paper closes an article headed "Free Soilism and Abolitionism" as follows:

"We wish it distinctly understood, that we will not discuss the question of Slavery. *Its discussion in Virginia is an insult to Virginia*, and we have penned the foregoing for the purpose merely of calling public attention emphatically to the fact that we have an *Abolition Free Soil journal in Virginia.*"

The discussion of Slavery in Virginia an insult to Virginia. Such a sentiment is worthy of the darkest ages. In Virginia, in this the nineteenth century, a class of men are there to dictate to freemen what subjects they may think upon and discuss.

Verily, this cursed institution of Slavery has blunted and narrowed the minds of men beyond belief. The press of this whole State are so controlled and directed by the supporters of "her peculiar institution" that you could scarce believe, Mr. Editor, if sojourning here, that you were in one of the free and enlightened States of America. One of the best comments on Slavery that we know of is to sail down the Ohio River, and gaze on your right hand upon the rich and cultivated farms and fields of the flourishing young State of Ohio, and contrast the same with the uncleaned, uncultivated lands of Virginia on your left. And yet, in the face of these facts, men are here found with moral and mental faculties so obtuse that they unblushingly defend the institution of Slavery as a positive blessing to mankind. But I am wandering from my subject. I have said that the *Times and Gazette*, with its editor, has been abused and denounced by the press of this city and State because it has presumed to declare its conviction that *Slavery is an evil.*

The people have been startled by this editor's independence and presumption. He has shaken off his shackles of allegiance to the slave power of the State, and spoken his own sentiments. He must be muzzled or strangled, as the following call for a public meeting is circulated through the city by the other papers:

"Public Meeting.—The citizens of Virginia, without respect to party, are requested to meet en masse at the Court-House, on Saturday evening next, at seven o'clock, P.M., to express their sentiments with regard to the abolition and Anti-Virginian articles which have recently been published in this city. A number of speakers have consented to address the meeting.

"Many Citizens."

This meeting took place last evening. The room was crowded, and the excitement intense. A Mr. Hubbard was called to the Chair, and another gentleman, late Delegate to the Legislature, explained the object of the meeting. He introduced a long series of resolutions, denouncing the articles which had lately appeared in the offending paper, as Abolition articles, and as Anti-Virginian, and dangerous to the welfare of "the peculiar institution." The resolutions declared also the attachment of the City of Wheeling to Virginia, and its submissive confidence in her wise and beneficent legislation, et cetera. The passage of these resolutions he urged upon the meeting in a long and able speech. Mr. Wharton, the offending editor, then asked asked permission to defend his own character, and that of his paper, which these resolutions attacked. It was granted, and his speech that followed was most powerful. He denied that he was an Abolitionist. He wished to interfere with no man's property. He considered, however, Slavery to be a curse to the white race in the South. He had *written* what he *thought* upon that subject in the *plainest* English; those opinions had been *published* in his paper, and he held to them still. He hoped to be sustained in them by the citizens of Wheeling.

It soon became evident, from the applause of the meeting, that the resolutions would be lost by an overwhelming majority. At [illegible] the gentleman *who proposed them was obliged to withdraw them, and in their stead the citizens of Wheeling Va., voted that "they would have and sustain one independent newspaper, which did not fear to boldly speak the truth."* Also that "*they denounced* the recent action of the Legislature of Virginia in regard to the License question *as illiberal and ungentlemanly.*"

The meeting then adjourned amid the most enthusiastic cheers for Wharton, the independent editor.

Such a defeat as "Many Citizens" who called the meeting sustained is indeed humiliating. The course which the citizens of Wheeling have adopted may, perhaps, be regarded as *Anti-Virginian*, and who would not be *Anti-Virginian*, if to be a Virginian is to deny the liberty of speech and the rights of discussion?

X. X.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DUTY TO LIBERTY.

At length, God seems to have caught the wicked in their own craft. It was not in the power of all the men in the North to develop so earnest a feeling against Slavery and for Liberty as is now finding a tongue, and giving itself forth, all over the North. All that for which we have been counted uncharitable, by men anxious to be honourable toward the South, has come to pass.

We have steadfastly declared that Slavery was not, and could not be, a local *influence*, simply because it was a local *institution*. A morass may have a local position, but the malaria which it exhales will fill the whole atmosphere, and be wafted by the winds in every direction. Slavery is felt in every fibre of our nation. It has deadened the public feeling to liberty. It has suppressed every generous expression of liberty, except when cautiously guarded and limited to whites. It has taught our young men to use all the specious reasonings that monarchists, the world over, employ in defence of oppression. There has not been since the days of Nimrod, the patriarch of slave-hunters, to this hour, a plea for injustice, a sophistry in favour of the absolute power of one man over another, that our young men have not been taught to employ. That sense of the sacredness of man which the Bible inspires has been lost. That outright expression of men's natural rights and civil equality, which every one of our old revolutionary documents breathes, and of which the Declaration of Independence is a type, has become unpopular, and is very widely regarded as a patriotic flourish, very well for the times in which it was uttered, but not founded in truth, and not to be honoured by us. The whole body politic has been poisoned.

We have declared, from the beginning, that the South was untrustworthy; that there *could* be no honour among men who were engaged to defend an institution which epitomized every evil and every crime which it was possible for man to commit upon man. We have forewarned men, that the South, after using them for their own purposes, would at length pay them off as Judas was paid by the priests. But it is worse than that. The priests would not touch the thirty pieces, which the wretch, in his remorse, desired them to retake. The South is determined to clutch again the price paid to the North for allowing slave States to come into the Union against her clear moral convictions!

We have, in every form, protested against compromises, and declared that the two parties to compromises, such as have played so important a part in our past history, were either knaves on the one side or dupes on the other; or, if both parties sacrified principle for a consideration, they were like the soldiers who, while Christ hung a-dying, divided his raiment between them upon the throw of dice.

We have, above all, over and over again, conjured sober men not to believe that there could be any peace—abiding, profitable peace—growing out of settlements so false as compromises must always be. There can never be peace till there is justice at the bottom of it. All the power of God in the Gospel is engaged to agitate and bombard any peace that does not make rectitude it foundations; and, on the other hand, whatever storms are in the heavens, that which is founded on right and truth shall be like the house built upon a rock.

We repeat these things, because we believe that the public mind is in a condition to learn; and it is important beyond measure, that certain facts and principles should be taken, and now made the basis of all further action.

1. It is utterly impossible for Slavery and Liberty to exist under the same Constitution, without conflicts and agitations, which will grow more and more violent, as the nation grows in strength, until one or the other is utterly subdued.

2. Compromises are demoralizing and utterly fallacious. They do not remove the disease; they only drug the sense of pain with an opiate, leaving it to spring up again with increased violence.

3. All those scruples of honour and forbearance which have led the North to keep back her testimony, to hold in her breath, and forego such a religious expression of her abhorrence of Slavery as it was in her power to make, have been wasted. We are dealing with an antagonist that takes all and gives nothing.

We defy any man to give a single instance in our whole history in which the South has made a single concession to liberty!

She has been haughty and dictatorial. She has been restless and threatening. She has demanded concession upon concession. She has accepted them at our hands, as a lord takes his vassal's tribute. Our magnanimity has been wasted upon men that only know how to despise them who yield habitually to their unjust demands.

4. *For the last time*, God has called upon the North! When these remaining territories pass over to the South, there is nothing more left. We pass into the minority. Liberty thenceforth is a faction; despotism will be crowned, and regent. What we do for all time, must be done now.

5. But, in this extremity, it is very possible that some sugared expedient, some treacherous and smooth-named middle course will be suggested. If the North has not yet learned that middle courses are quicksands, she may despair of learning anything, even by that sharpest of all schoolmasters—Experience. We must sink our shaft down below all reasons of expediency, all reasons of present ease, all mercenary reasons, until we find solid ground of *moral principle.* Let the *conscience* of the North settle this question, not her *fears.* God calls us to a religious duty. Long has our talent laid in a napkin. Our testimony for liberty has been waived; our assertion of freedom has been timid and without enthusiasm. We have refused to accept at God's hands the true mission of the North, to preach liberty to the captives, and elevation to the whole human family. At length, let the banner flow out to the winds; let the battle begin. There will never be another day of grace if this goes past. Retreat now, and the North will never retreat again.

6. We beseech Christian men and ministers to put this question where it belongs, upon *a religious basis.* Let them feel their duty in the assertion of human rights, in their own land, as they feel their duty of preaching the truth of Christ, *whether men will hear, or whether they will forbear.*

Oh! that God, by breating a spirit of prayer upon his people, and of unflinching fidelity, would give us token that He has appeared at length for our salvation!—*H. W. Beecher, in the Independent.*

NEBRASKA ITEMS.

Northern Spunk.—The following resolution was adopted at a recent Whig Convention in New Haven County, Conn.:

"Resolved, That if the South seeks agitation, the South shall have it—and that freedom shall go South before Slavery shall come North."

Hung.—The citizens of Waltham, Mass., had the privilege, on the 17th ultimo, of gazing upon a figure dangling from one of the largest elm trees in front of the post office, intended to represent Senator Douglas, having a slave whip in his hand, a placard on his breast bearing his name, and another on his back with the following inscription: "Traitor to Liberty."

Douglas has hardly shown himself in the Senate since he heard the news from New Hampshire. His face, however, is familiar in most of the taverns in Washington and in the lobbies of the House of Representatives. His attack [illegible] clergy evinces a morbid state of mind, and illustrated the old Latin proverb, "Whom the gods would destroy they first make" fools.

Michigan.—Hon. Kinsley S. Bingham, formerly an influential Democratic Congressman from the Peninsular State, has taken the field against the Nebraska bill. He made an eloquent speech in New Hudson, recently, for two hours, upon the fraudulent bill now before Congress to repudiate the Missouri Compromise, and introduce Slavery into our Northern Territory. Mr. Bingham has been nominated as an Independent Democratic candidate for Governor at the next election.

The following lines, by S. C. Hall, were written during the West India Emancipation excitement, as a motto for a splendid gold cup to be presented by a Committee of West India proprietors to their Chairman, the Marquis of Chandos, in token of gratitude for his exertions in *retarding* the progress of slave emancipation. We have taken the liberty to substitute the name of a more modern though equally notorious brakeman on the car of human progress:

Behold this cup! this cup of gold!
That freeman to a freeman gave:
Formed at rich cost—a price untold!
The sinews of the slave.
Drink, Douglas! 'tis a noble draught,
A richly-crimsoned flood,
Nay! start not ere the stream be quaffed.
Drink! 'tis a brother's blood! —*Tribune.*

Political Embassy.—A letter from Boston, dated March 20th, says: There is an embassy here to-day from New Hampshire, on its way to Washington, to arrange political matters. The chief of this embassy is Mr. J. H. George, of Concord, and its object is to get the Nebraska bill through the House of Representatives as soon as possible, as the only means of saving the Northern democracy from utter ruin. If, reason these gentlemen, the bill should be disposed of now, it would be regarded as an accomplished fact, and there would be no longer any excuse for democratic bolting. Mr. George will leave for Washington this afternoon, and will probably have but little difficulty in getting an interview with the President, his old associate. His mission is thought by many to be likely to turn out a rather wild affair. Northern members of Congress are not likely to ruin themselves in the hope of saving their party. Some of them perhaps think they are the party—or important parts of it.

Benton.—A letter from Washington to the *Herald* says: The misfortunes of the administration stick to it, and the New Hampshire election has made it an ugly piece of business. Col. Benton remarked to-day that it can't pass. "No, sir, I never believed it could pass. All the necessities of the time; all the party dislocations of the day, the spirit of the North, and the honour of the South, are dead against it. Had it come from the South, I should have moved for its expulsion from the House upon the very threshold; but as it comes from the North, we shall see what they are going to do with it. I shall oppose it. Even as a clean parliamentary act, I should oppose it; and how, then, could I support this abortion from the Senate, with a stump speech in its belly—yes, sir, with a stump speech thrust into its belly, by way of an explanation of its 'real intent and meaning,' which is neither its extent nor its meaning."

Political Plotting for New Hampshire.—A letter from Concord, dated March 18th, reveals the plan of the President and his advisers for regaining their political ascendancy in New Hampshire.

"Orders have been received here to have the true state of the election denied stoutly until the meeting of the Legislature; in the meantime Pierce's confidential friends say that the Nebraska bill *shall be passed before that time.* Then they think they may turn round and say 'the thing is done, it can't be helped, and the only way is to acquiesce.'

"This I have from ——— (a distinguished Democrat), who said it to a friend within an hour, and acknowledges they have 'lost the House' as things *now* stand; and if the Nebraska bill remains an *open question*, neither Hibbard nor any man of similar sentiments could ever receive the barren compliment of a *party* nomination.

"Such is the fact. Even Democratic public sentiment is, especially since the election, overwhelmingly against that infamous measure.

"As to the State of parties in the Legislature you may be assured that the Administration *is in a minority;* there can be and is no mistake about it. And from my best information I do not believe that *one fourth* of even the Administrative members can be brought to sustain that measure. Many of the strongest Democratic towns have instructed their representatives to vote for no men for United States Senator who are not *open* and *avowed* opponents to that bill."

Germans! Make a free State of Nebraska.—A new, vast, fruitful territory, on the western boundaries of Missouri and Iowa, is at this moment opened to immigration; but at the same time pitiable demagogues, who speculate upon southern votes at the next Presidential election, make the lowest attempts to transplant the evil of Slavery into these new, free territories.

The Nebraska bill of the demagogue Douglas will be passed in Congress, for our Congress has long since ceased paying any attention to public opinion and the wishes of the people; it is, therefore, the concern of the citizens to take the matter in hand, and make Nebraska a *free* territory, and at some future time a *free State.* For this purpose, it is necessary that free labour should immigrate in overwhelming masses to Nebraska, and thus cut off all prospect of slaveholding preponderance in the future. We therefore propose the organization of *Colonization Associations* in all States of the Union. These associations, by contributions of the members and collections, can soon raise sufficient funds to advance and assist the *immigration of free labourers to Nebraska.* Let Colonization Associations of Free Labourers constitute themselves in large cities, assist the immigrants with advice and *deeds*, make contracts with steamboats to take the labourers to the new territory for half price, appoint agents in those harbours where the immigration lands, who will conduct the new comers to the place of destination; in short, show but one-tenth part of energy which the African Colonization Society has shown for Liberia, and Nebraska will become and remain a *free State.*—*St. Louis Anzeiger des Westens.*

Humours of the Day.—We have hitherto been too anxious and apprehensive as to the fate of the Nebraska bill to enjoy or indulge in pleasantries concerning it, but the sudden lighting up of the horizon caused by the decisive vote of the House which sends the abomination to the Committee of the Whole impels a livelier mood, wherein we gladly hail such sparkles as the following:

"John Brown, Ferryman," writes to the Editor regularly favoured with his correspondence as follows:

"P. S.—I understood you to say the other day, in the *Evening Post*, that the President was in favour of leaving the subject of Slavery in Nebraska to the settlers. *Will you please inform me whether the New Hampshire election is one of the settlers' he refers to?*"

—And this from the *New Hampshire Telegraph* (Nashua) is some:

"After appearances began to indicate that the Democracy had got a pretty severe drubbing at the late election, one of the Unterrified was explaining the cause to another, and attributed it to the Nebraska bill. 'The Nebraska bill,' said the intelligent sovereign, 'there's money enough in the treasury—*why don't they pay the d—d thing, and have it out of the way?*"

—And this, from one of our own correspondents, seems in our altered state of feeling, not very bad:

THE DOUGLAS—A SWOP.

Let Slavery now stop her mouth,
And quiet be henceforth:
We've got Fred Douglass from the South—
She's got Steve from the North!
But that no difference should be paid
'Twere hardly fair to ask her,
We've got so much the better trade
She claims to boot—Nebraska! —*Tribune.*

Douglas and the Germans of Chicago.—We find the following in the *Chicago Tribune* of the 18th ultimo:

"Chicago, the home of Judge Douglas, has again expressed its reprobation of the author of the Nebraska outrage in a manner which will not soon be forgotten.

"Never before has the public indignation of this city been manifested against any public man to the extent that it was carried in this case. Heretofore it has been shown in public meetings and resolutions; but in this instance the object of public scorn was also carried in effigy to the public square, with a rope round his neck, and publicly hung and burned, amid the hisses, groans and hurrahs of the largest number of people ever before assembled in the city on any public occasion. It was confined almost entirely to the German citizens, who appeared to have come up in swarms from every part of the city, to participate in the movement. We believe no native citizens participated in it, though none present seemed to have any sympathy for the object of indignation, or to censure the persons engaged in hanging and burning it.

A year ago, Judge Douglas counted his friends in Chicago by thousands. Now, with the exception of a few office-seekers and office-holders, there is no one to utter a single word in his defence. Never did a public man fall so low, in so short a time, in the estimation of his political and personal friends and neighbours. With the German citizens, especially, upon whose support he seemed to rely under any and all circumstances, there is but one sentiment, and that was expressed in the exhibition on the public square on Thursday night.

Birth-Place of Arnold Douglas.—A correspondent of the *N. Y. Evangelist* writes as follows:

Having recently spent a Sabbath in Brandon, Vt., I was interested in learning that it was the birthplace of the Hon. S. A. Douglas, now so notorious from his connection with the Nebraska bill. The town is most beautifully located among the green hills of Vermont, and must, during the summer months, be a delightful resort for those who would be rid of the sweltering heat and confusion of city life. It is a matter of surprise that the honourable Senator can be so recreant to all the instincts of his childhood and to all the impressions of his youth passed in one of the strongholds of liberty. In the afternoon of the Sabbath referred to, the Rev. Mr. Wheeler, pastor of the Congregational church, gave a discourse having some bearing on the questions which are agitating so deeply the people of the land. It was well timed and pertinently expressed. His text was, "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

The concluding applications of his subject interested me greatly. Will you allow me to introdnce them here:

"A movement which has sprung upon the country in a wicked and cowardly way—the infamous Nebraska bill—whose aim is to repeal the prohibitions of the Missouri Compromise, and to add about five hundred thousand square miles to the area already open to Slavery, making, if passed, the extent of slave territory in the United States more than double the free. And this outrage upon humanity, this stain upon our national honour and glory, finds a ready advocate and ardent supporter in a son of New England, a native of Vermont born in our own beautiful town, whose winds, and hills and skies speak only of freedom. Unworthy he of such an origin. My cheeks crimson and my heart burns with indignation as I think of him. We will own him no longer, we will cast him forth, for he has brought disgrace to the homestead, shame to the fireside. This attempt should be considered as a great crime, meditating an immense wrong, and should be resisted to the death.

"We solemnly, in the name of Almighty God and humanity, at home and abroad, protest against this Douglas fraud, as a proposal to violate a sacred Compromise—a disgraceful attempt to repudiate an engagement to which the public faith was plighted before the world, an engagement that was to be effectual forever. Some of the congregation remember well, as though it were but yesterday, the agitation which shook the country, when it was proposed some 34 years ago to admit Missouri to the Federal Union as a State with the institution of Slavery incorporated into its organic law. You know how this agitation was allayed by a Compromise made in good faith, that that vast western domain should henceforth and forever be free. Sacredness attaches to such contracts; fidelity to them is one of the highest of human virtues; to break them, to treat them lightly, is to loose the bonds which hold men together—to break this is an act of Vandalism with reference to the past, and of guilt, not easily measured, with reference to the present and the future."

THE GERMANS AND SLAVERY.

Private advices, received by various persons in the city, from Western Texas, show the progress of a movement deeply important in its influence on the question of Slavery. It appears that, during these last three or four years, while Southern writers have been proving from statistics the impossibility of free white labour producing slave products, various quiet settlements of foreigners have worked out the question to quite a different result. From what cause it is unknown, but the German emigrants, during late years, have been turning in considerable numbers to the fertile plateau lands of Western Texas.

Perhaps the genial climate, producing in gradations the fruits of northern and southern zones; perhaps the tendency of men from a corrupted society, to reach the outskirts of civilization; and still more, the fact that the emigrant, though in a southern district, would not work side by side with a slave; have led these people to those wild, solitary plains. However that be, a German population, and German communities, have sprung up in Texas. They are represented by our correspondents as industrious and enterprising, supporting schools and good institutions, and altogether presenting, in good morals and refinement, a very favourable contrast to the people of Eastern Texas. They are mostly revolutionists; many of them men of high culture and intelligence, and from the best educated working population of Germany.

These men have come to a cotton-growing, slave-holding country. Forced labour was one of the institutions of the State. A little outlay of capital, at least by the wealthy, would have supplied them with experienced hands for the great production of the soil—the raising of cotton. They had the choice—to plant Freedom or Slavery. Who doubts their conclusion? Slavery to them was no abstract evil or peculiar institution. They had come from the sunny Rhine, and had seen the freest and bravest of their countrymen wasting in chains. They were from the villages of Austria or Bavaria, and knew what was the task-master's whip. The laws of the code of Slavery to them were as old as their hatred of tyranny. Had not the despots who had wasted their hearts and driven them from their households taught them, from the earliest infancy, its almost every provision?

To imprison for teaching the Bible; to scourge for free thought; to violate home and sacred rights, in the name of God-given authority; to treat men as beasts of husbandry, were old procedures and enactments with them, and to which they had not been so closely attached as to desire to renew them. They had not learned to discriminate between Freedom in Texas and Freedom in Austria. They decided, not by any public proceeding, but by their very instinct, to have no part or share in Slavery. In the three thousand Germans in San Atonio de Bexar, says our correspondent, there is not a slave-owner. In all the German cotton-plantations there, and near Braunfels, and many other villages, there is no slave labour. Cotton is grown, picked, and manufactured by free labour! In one small district, *eight hundred* bales have been raised, of free-labour cotton. Is there not a cheer, readers, in the very sound of Free-Labour Cotton? The many-handed, industrious free labour of German families is found cheaper, and of course far cleaner and more thorough than slave labour.

The slave-owning cotton planter is undersold in his own market by his German neighbour. In a slave State the question is solved, and Freedom proved chea

flaw exists—when it *does not pay*. The laws of Economics are even more sure than those of morals, because more immediate in the results.

What wonder that the friends of the iniquitous measure now before the country have appended their amendment—an amendment which will prevent the foreigner from having any voice in the organization or institutions of the vast territory of Kansas-Nebraska?

They know that the German, poor though he may be; the Hungarian, wandering with unfortunate thoughts of his Fatherland; the Dane, the Italian, the English; will never abide by this system of injustice and oppression. The revolutionists of the Old World are fearful to the oppressors of the New.

It is no phrase merely, in these days, which leads every man to say that it is a solemn crisis for our Republic. There is little bluster, little mere talk; but we firmly believe that, in the excitement against the Missouri Compromise, in the feeling at the Texas admission, or during the Compromise struggle of 1850, there never for a moment was such a profound dissatisfaction in the hearts of the people with the course of the country.

Men, conservative and cautious, who never broached such questions before, are asking darkly, if this Union is to be principally an instrument for extending Slavery, *what is it worth?*

The future is indeed sombre. It may, as Emerson, in his late address, suggested, need ages for the fruit of Liberty to ripen. Our history and decline may be but one stage in millenial growth. To him who looks upon the execution of God's great moral law as more than the existence of all States or constitutions, it may be a stern solemn satisfaction, that neither wealth nor learning, nor the best institutions of the world's long experience, could shield us from the righteous penalty of injustice; that posterity may say, "She was seated in power; she was queen of nations; but she was unjust to the poor, despised black man—and she fell!"

We will not—we can not—believe this. He who has transplanted will sustain. There *are* free hearts through the land, not corrupted by this damnable "expediency;" there-are men who believe a free manhood is more than all earthly interests. There are those who have sworn in their souls, before the Great God, while an utterance can tremble on their lips—while hand or foot has life to move—never to give up the struggle against this black, accursed system of Injustice which is spreading and darkling over our land. With these we clasp hands in the present danger.

There is hope, too, in the facts which have been stated above. Free foreign labour may at length silently do away the injustice which it seemed alone the red hand of violence, or the stroke of the Almighty, could remove. God in mercy grant it!

It would be a poetic—aye, a richly providential return—for our unconscious kindness to the exile and the stranger, if at length, in our country's history, they should succeed in abolishing the tyranny which our legislation, and our humanity, and Christianity, had failed to reach. C. L. B.

—*Independent.*

THE MILWAUKEE RESCUE.

A great wave of excitement has just rolled over our city. The public heart has had the deep fountain of its humanity stirred to the bottom. Never since the founding of our city has there been such a deep and wide-spread expression of indignation as was caused by the arrest of *Joshua Glover*, a coloured resident of Racine County. The circumstances connected with this exciting case are, briefly, the following:

[We gave the facts last week, and therefore omit a part of this writer's statement.]

They immediately fettered and gagged their bleeding victim and hurried him into a two-horse buggy, without coat, vest or hat. In this condition, weltering in his blood, they brought him *twenty-five miles*, in a frosty night, and incarcerated him in our county jail on Saturday morning, the 11th inst. During the forenoon the fact came out that our county officers and prison had been pressed into the service of the slave power. Through the bold and indefatigable efforts of Mr. Booth, of the *Free Democrat*, the facts connected with Glover's arrest and imprisonment spread through the city like wildfire. The great and true heart of humanity began to beat quick and strong. Our citizens, as in the days of the Revolution, were seen marching in quick-step to the music of our liberty-going bells. Merchants and mechanics, lawyers and doctors, assembled in a vast multitude about the jail, and in front of the court-house. That "storm from the people," which Henry Ward Beecher says must come, seemed to have suddenly burst upon us, and was "rolling like thunder in the mountains." An immense meeting was then organized in the court-house square, and the following preamble and resolutions were adopted by acclamation:

[Resolutions already published.]

Soon after the adjournment of the meeting, a delegation of nearly *one hundred* citizens arrived from Racine. As soon as they landed, they marched in a solid body to the jail. About this time a committee, who had been appointed to wait on Judge Miller, returned and made their report. This was in substance, that the Judge had instructed the United States Marshal and his Deputies to pay no regard to the writ of habeas corpus. This announcement, together with the determined spirit manifested by so many of the first citizens of Racine, greatly intensified the feeling of indignation. The result was, that without any preconcerted plan, or any anticipation of the kind by the great majority of those present, by one impulse, and one heavy surge, the outer jail-door was broken in, and then the inner, and in less than fifteen minutes from the time the first movement was made the hatless Glover was brought forth, amid the enthusiastic shouts of the multitude. He was literally handed into a two-horse buggy, and driven at full speed out of the city amid the cheers of the spectators.

It was a bold movement—one that will be earnestly commended by many, and severely reprobated by others. In this city a large majority of our citizens rejoice in his rescue. While they would not justify mob violence in the *proper sense* of this term, and while they would have advised a more patient and persevering endeavour to have rescued the poor captive in some other way if possible, yet they are glad that, in obedience to the *Mosaic statute*, he was not delivered up to his assumed master. This is the feeling of those who would be the first to yield implicit obedience to all righteous laws, and the first to peril their lives in the enforcement of *such* laws. But there were aggravating features connected with this case which made a resistless appeal to every principle and impulse that is truly human in the heart of man.

1. Poor Glover had been brutally treated by those who arrested him. Some of our best citizens had seen him in the jail, with his shirt literally stiffened with his own blood. Without any provocation, without attempting to injure his assailants, he had been smitten down by the hand of violence. This was no romantic tale of the bondman's wrong and sufferings. It was a heart-moving *reality* before their eyes. They *saw* the victim who had been beaten and gashed on our own free soil, for no other crime than yielding to that noblest impulse of humanity—a desire to be free.

Now, *no man*, in whose heart there is one spark of genuine humanity, could have gazed upon such a shameful spectacle without having his soul stirred to its deepest depths of sensibility.

2. Every attempt to rescue Glover by any process known to the laws of our State had been overruled by the United States Judge. Through his advice the writ of habeas corpus, the freeman's great bulwark of defence, had been disregarded. In short, all *State authority* was set at defiance. The jail which the people had erected with their own money, and for their own protection, must be pressed into the service of the slave power, while the freemen of Wisconsin were denied every legal process of their own enacting, by which they could determine the question whether a resident of their own State had been justly or unjustly imprisoned in this summary and inhuman manner. This was one of the features of the case which stirred men's blood. If the North had indeed been reduced to such a condition of degradation, they felt that their own and their children's liberties were in peril.

3. They did not dare to leave him in the jail for nearly forty-eight hours. They were suspicious of men who had shown such profound sympathy for the oppressor, and so little pity for bleeding manhood. They were justly apprenensive that the same adroitness which had evaded the writ of habeas corpus—the body-guard of freedom—would also elude the vigilance of its friends. And, fearing that the sentinels of humanity would be decoyed in some way, and the helpless victim clandestinely borne away, they were in haste for the rescue.

4. The Nebraska iniquity had raised the public mind to that pitch of excitement which prepared them for this bold movement. The immense congregation of clear-minded men who assembled there were urged on under the conviction that the North had been betrayed; that the South had broken her plighted faith, and had been the first to trample upon the solemn compromises between the two sections of the confederacy. Those who had reluctantly acquiesced in the compromise of 1850 felt that the aggressions of the South upon freedom had now passed all the bounds of endurance. And, under the impulse of the moment, the conviction was deep and strong that the faithlessness of the slave power had absolved Wisconsin from all further obligation.

Such were the sentiments which influenced the public mind, and moved it as mightily as the tempest rooks the mountain oaks. It was the resistless impulse of the moment, the impetuous out-pouring of all the humane sympathies of the soul, like the breaking forth of mighty waters. It was an hour when men felt that there *was* a higher law which must be obeyed. And, true to an irrepressible instinct of humanity, the "*Vox Populi*" was executed in the liberation of the captive, amid loud and general exultation. "If this be treason," in the language of Patrick Henry, let the authors of the *Nebraska treachery* thank themselves for it. History will decide whether the U. S. Judge or the citizens of Wisconsin acted most in accordance with that unalterable law of right which governed the noble spirits of '76. If the liberation of Glover, in the circumstances, was a mere act of *mob violence*, how shall we classify the conduct of those men who struck the first strong blows in favour of freedom at Bunker Hill, Concord, and Lexington? M.

Milwaukee, March 16, 1854. —[*Independent.*

NO SLAVERY EXTENSION.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

Albany, Thursday, March 16, 1854.

The fifteen slave States contain not less than 600,000,000 acres of land, enough to support a population of 150,000,000 souls. The question is, why are they so anxious to obtain acts which may be repealed at future sessions, to authorize the transfer, sale and breeding of slaves in the Territories, bought or otherwise obtained? Certainly 600,000,000 acres of land are space enough to accommodate 3,000,000 slaves, without making such a fuss about providing more land for them; 600,000 slaves existed in the thirteen States in 1790, and now, after 65 years, they have increased to 3,200,000. Suppose in the next 60 years they increase to 15,000,000, there will yet remain millions of acres of soil, wild and uncultivated in the existing fifteen States. The true question is now, whether the cultivators of the soil of the free States should not refuse to pay any more taxes to preserve slave labour, on the ground that its cost is fifty per cent. less than the wages free labourers in the northern States now receive from their "bosses." The time then has arrived for the free States to refuse to pay taxes into the Federal Treasury, except on condition that the annual disbursements of the United States Government shall not exceed $25,000,000, the surplus to be refunded to the States according to their free white representation in Congress. The free States should now refuse to pay another cent of taxes to extend or introduce negro Slavery beyond the limits of the existing fifteen slave States. This is the position to be taken by "the masses" of the free States, now containing 14,000,000 souls of the labouring classes, no matter what act of Congress be voted for by their mock representatives in the Senate or House of Representatives.

It appears the Missouri Compromise was repealed on the 6th inst., by the majority of the Senate from the following States:

States.	*Slaves.*	*Whites.*	*Senators.*
Alabama	342,000	428,000	2
Arkansas	47,000	47,000	2
Florida	40,000	48,000	1
Georgia	381,000	524,000	2
Kentucky	239,000	703,000	2
Louisiana	240,000	272,000	2
Maryland	90,000	492,000	1
Mississippi	309,000	296,000	2
Missouri	87,000	594,000	2
North Carolina	288,000	580,000	1
South Carolina	384,000	283,000	2
Texas	58,000	154,000	1
Tennessee	239,000	763,000	1
Virginia	472,000	949,000	2
Delaware	2,000	89,000	1
Total	3,100,000	6,282,000	24

It is thus shown that twenty-four Senators of the thirty from the slave States, containing 700,000 voters, voted to tax the wages class of the free States, containing 2,500,000 voters, to extend Slavery into new territories, an institution deadly destructive to the free white labourer. To effect this object, the twenty-four said Senators, representing the 150,000 proprietors of negro slaves, seduced the Senators from the following free States to vote for this negro breeding enterprise, the object of which is to open and purchase new markets for the sale of their human stock.

States.	*White Population.*	*Senators.*
New Hampshire	318,000	2
Connecticut	371,000	1
New Jersey	490,000	1
Pennsylvania	2,311,000	1
Indiana	998,000	1
Illinois	851,000	2
Iowa	192,000	2
Michigan	398,000	2
California	165,000	2
Total		14

If the masses in the above States confirm the decree of their fourteen Senators that they shall pay taxes into the Federal Treasury to extend domestic Slavery into Nebraska or elsewhere, say New Hampshire, let them do it to their heart's content, but the remaining free States, having already refused their consent, if taxed for this object, have the reserved rights of their Colonial ancestors of 1775 to refuse and to resist the Federal Tax-gatherers, on the same ground as was practiced by Washington, Hancock, Franklin and Warren.

Common Sense.

A WORD FOR OUR FRIENDS.

One of our friends from the South has discontinued his paper. He is one of the sort of men whom we respect, and we regret that this one relation between us should be severed. He is a truly Christian man, abounding in love, performing his duties to the full and overflowing, grateful for God's blessings, and anxious to reflect them upon others. Such men are the spice of society, and it is a privilege to communicate with them. But our expression of our views of the Nebraska bill has displeased him, and he quietly stops his paper. It has made us think that the same displeasure, perhaps, exists in other minds, and to ask why it should be so.

It is evident that the answers to such a question must be as various as the characters to whom it is put. All kinds of motives are to be found acting on both sides of it. Business connections at the South—party allegiance at the North—a belief in the justice of the measure—an approbation of Slavery itself—any one or any mixture of these may place a man among the friends of Slavery in the territories. But beyond these is another, which operates in our case especially. Men consider the Sabbath a day of spiritual as well as physical rest, and they do not like to have questions of party feeling or secular interest, and likely to inflame the passions, forced upon them in its quiet hours. They do not want to have politics flung at them at a season consecrated to God. They want a religious paper to speak to them of truth, not of controversy; of heaven, not of Congress. To these last we wish to say one word.

It is because men are so fond of spiritual repose that we feel obliged to speak. We believe the mass of men at the North to be in a state of positive sin on this matter of the extension of Slavery. It is our deliberate conviction that the voice of God whispers in the chamber of most Northern hearts that this measure is not His measure, is not His will, and that we are composing ourselves to sleep that we may not hear Him, deadening the moral sense, and stupifying ourselves against our Maker. We fear for our friends around us when they shall be summoned to answer for their brothers; we dread to think of the paltering with conscience, the postponement of good resolutions, the darkening of the soul by trade, or political interest, or love of ease, which is taking place among those whom we live with. We can account for the errors of Southerners, and believe that there are thousands among them in whom dwells the peace of a good conscience; but we cannot sit down and see the prostitution of Northern character, and not feel it to be one of the greatest dangers against which a man can warn his friends. If Slavery were abolished to-morrow, the emancipated limbs would soon learn the gait of freedom, and the poor souls, rising to the first consciousness of existence, would forget the long sleep of degradation in which their native powers had been buried and God's image effaced. But who shall efface from the heart of the Northern man the canker of injustice, or restore to him the face of the God whom he has shut out? If we excite a single man to courage, and induce him to do what he knows to be right in this matter, we feel as if we had rescued a slave from the worst of bondage, and we surrender ourselves to the work as the work of the Infinite God, in which we are fellow-labourers with Christ. We would we could always express our feelings so as to please men and help them at the same time; but if the choice must be between showing them the truth by a disagreeable process and not pointing it out at all, we must consult our own everlasting peace by doing what our Lord and Master first taught us by his example. To every reader of this paper at the North we say that this is no time for delicate considerations of your taste or your Sunday repose. It concerns your soul whether in a matter in which you can act, and have a right to act, you interfere to prevent wrong, or sit supinely in the stupour of indifference. You were not born of slave parents into Slavery, in a land where it is considered necessary to suppress your intellectual faculties, and where obedience to a master was taught as your highest duty. You were not reared in a hereditary institution where every example and precept of mother and father taught you to look upon Slavery as good; where your affection for the slaves blinded you to the wrong you were doing them, and where the weight of custom warped your natural impulses into acquiescence and advocacy of the ordained arrangements of society. You have no such excuse, and you are walking to the judgment with characters just or unjust, obedient or disobedient, God-fearing or God-defying, as you yourselves shall determine. Give up, then, we beg of you, this miserable cant about the "province of the pulpit," "the province of the religious press," and trouble yourselves, and suffer yourselves to be troubled, Sunday and week day, by the question, "Am I faithful to the talents committed to me?"—*Christian Inquirer.*

PRESIDENT PIERCE'S OPINION OF THE NEBRASKA BILL.

From The Nashville Banner, March 13.

We take from the *Huntsville Advocate* the following copy of a letter, recently addressed by ex-Senator Clemens to a gentleman of that place, stating the views entertained by him in relation to the Nebraska bill, and the grounds upon which he is opposed to it. Those grounds are precisely the grounds which we have occupied on the subject. President Pierce, according to Mr. Clemens, thinks of the bill as he does. "But a few days since," says Mr. Clemens, "in a conversation with a northern Senator and "myself, he [President Pierce] gave it as his decided "opinion that Douglas's bill was a proposition in "favour of freedom—and added that if it should "pass, *although we might absorb the whole of Mexico,* "*not another slave State would ever come into the* "*Union. He expressed great surprise at the opposition* "*it met with from the North, and equal surprise that* "*the South should be willing to take it.* I agreed "with him fully, and could not help recurring to "the stratagem by which the Greeks effected the "destruction of Troy." These declarations of President Pierce, according to Mr. Clemens, were not made to him alone, but in the presence and hearing of himself and "a Northern Senator." We forbear comment until it shall appear whether President Pierce admits or denies the accuracy of Mr. Clemens's statement:

Washington, Saturday, Feb. 25, 1854.

My Dear Sir: I have received your letter, in which you say that some of my friends are surprised at the position I have assumed upon the Nebraska question, and desire to be made acquainted with the grounds upon which my opposition was based.

I had determined not to be forced into the political arena by anything an enemy might say; but that rule has no application to the misapprehension of friends. I am opposed to the bill of Mr. Douglas because it is supported upon the avowed ground that the people of a territory, while it remains a territory, may regulate the subject of Slavery for themselves. This, you will remember, was the doctrine of Gen. Cass's Nicholson letter, which was repudiated by the entire South in 1848. The Whigs charged it upon him as a grievous political offence, and the Democrats evaded the issue by placing a different construction upon the letter. Subsequently, at the session of 1849–50, when Gen. Cass avowed that the northern construction of his letter was the correct one, it was at once disclaimed by the whole body of southern Senators, including the present Secretary of War. Judge Douglas, in alluding to the letter, stated that the doubts entertained by the then Senator from Mississippi (Col. Davis) had caused him to be lukewarm in the support of Gen. Cass. Col. Davis instantly replied:

"I had doubts, fears and apprehensions which reached to a conviction that the Senator (Gen. Cass) was wrong upon the question of the power of the Territorial inhabitants; yet, Sir, I took him as a choice of evils. I say it in no terms of disrespect. The Senator from Michigan knows I thought it was a wrong doctrine," &c.

Col. Davis was warmly sustained by Judge Butler, and Col. King emphatically declared that he never did, and never could, subscribe to the doctrine held by Gen. Cass. There was no disagreement that I am aware of, among us; all held that it was a dangerous doctrine, and one which as effectually excluded us from the Territories as the Wilmot Proviso itself. *Let me add that such is the opinion now entertained by the President of the United States himself. But a few days since, in conversation with a northern Senator and myself, he gave it us his decided opinion that Douglas's bill was "a proposition in favour of freedom," and added that, if it should pass, although we might absorb the whole of Mexico, not another slave State would ever come into the Union.* He expressed great surprise at the opposition it met with from the North, and equal surprise that the South should be willing to take it. I agreed with him fully, and could not help recurring to the stratagem by which the Greeks effected the destruction of Troy.

The only quotation Mr. Calhoun was ever known to make was "*timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes,*" and if ever there was a time that it should be repeated as a warning to the South, it is the present. A northern man, unasked and unsolicited, brings forward a proposition professedly for our benefit, but in reality an insidious attempt to steal away from us all the fruits of our former trials and struggles. The citadel which has resisted every open assault is about to be destroyed by the foolish confidence of its defenders in a delusive gift, which only serves to convey the enemy within the walls.

In 1850 the doctrine of the South was, "let us alone." We asked nothing from Congress—we wanted nothing. The emphatic language of Judge Butler was heartily responded to everywhere:

"All we ask is, that you will keep your hands off. We want no extension. Let us alone. This is all we ask."

I hold to that doctrine yet; and that is the substance of my late letter to Mr. Van Buren, about which so much has been said, but which no one has attempted to analyse and refute.

I have other objections to Mr. Douglas's bill which are insuperable of themselves. It provides that a foreigner who merely declared his intention to become a citizen shall be vested with the right of voting, and thus place it in the power of foreign paupers and criminals to deprive an American citizen of his property, or drive him from the Territory with his slaves. I do not speak for any man's constituents. There may be communities who will sustain their representatives in this great outrage upon their rights, but if there be I pity the delusion under which they are labouring.

The bill states, in substance, that the Compromise of 1820 was repealed by the Compromise of 1850. Now this is either true or it is not. If true, where is the necessity of repealing it over again? It is an anomally in legislation to repeal a statute which is already repealed. What end can be attained, except that of placing a dangerous weapon in the hands of Northern agitators? It gives them an opportunity to deceive the ignorant and unthinking, by representing the South as faithless—by asserting that we seized the first moment of power to repeal a solemn compact, that no reliance can be placed upon any Compromise that we may make. They will assert that one Compromise is no more sacred than another—that as we have repealed the Missouri restriction, they may and ought to repeal the Fugitive Slave law, and thus will be revived that dangerous agitation which all good men hoped was happily at an end. I know the common answer to this view of the subject, but it is a false one, and if it should impose upon our people it will not upon the North. We are told that Northern men violated the Compromise of 1820, and we are no longer bound by it. This is a misconception. The Missouri Compromise applied to the Territory of Louisana, and to that alone. There was no provision that it should be extended to any other Territory. The contract was complete, and bound neither party in relation to territory thereafter to be acquired. So far as that compromise was concerned, we might, without any violation of its provisions, have carried Slavery into new territory as high as the 49th parallel of latitude, if we had the power, or they might have excluded it as low as the equator, if we would submit. In 1850 we proposed a new compromise—that is, to run the line to the Pacific. This was merely an extension of the old contract, to which they could agree or disagree without any breach of faith. They rejected it; but this refusal to enter into a new arrangement cannot justify us in violating the first. I mention this, however, merely to show the view which will be taken of the subject North, and do not care to elaborate it

I have said that if the legislation of 1850 did in point of fact supersede the legislation of 1820, then the insertion of such a provision in the bill was not only unnessary, but mischievous. If it is not true, then the bill ought not to pass, because it bears a falsehood upon its face.

The value of any compromise depends upon its finality. If when one party has the power it may repeal the part which is distasteful to them, when the other party has the strength why may they not also repeal that part which is disagreeable to themselves, and thus the whole compact will be abrogated, and all hope of a new one destroyed by the knowledge that neither can rely upon the good faith of the other. I hold it to be a good rule that we ought to be very careful how we make compacts, but once made, to abide by them firmly, fairly and honestly.

This letter has been written in haste, and amid constant interruptions, but I hope I have furnished you with sufficient reasons to justify my course. Of one thing I need not assure you, and that is, whether right or wrong, I am influenced by none but honest motives—seeking nothing, asking nothing. Confining myself exclusively to professional duties, I am at least free from the temptations which so often beset the politician, and less liable to error, except such as may arise from a defect of judgment. Your friend,

Jere. Clemens.

Nich. Davis, Jr., Huntsville, Ala.

MR CLEMENS'S LETTER TO GENERAL PIERCE.

Washington, D C., March 24, 1854.

Dear Sir: You have called my attention to a late letter of mine to N. Davis, Jr., Esq., and particularly to the following sentence:

"He expressed great surprise at the opposition it met from the North, and equal surprise that the South should be willing to take it."

At the time the conversation to which that sentence alludes took place, I was walking backwards and forwards across the room, and should not have noticed it if you had not remarked that you had no concealments upon the subject, and that you were glad I was present to hear it.

In my letter to Mr. Davis I did not pretend to give your language, except where quotation marks are used; and, from subsequent conversation with you, I think it very probable that I misunderstood the purport of your remarks upon this particular point. Your surprise may have been expressed that the true men of the North should hesitate to vote for Douglas's bill when the South were willing to take it; and, if I had paid attention to the whole conversation, I doubt not such would have been the impression left on my mind.

I have never sought a conversation with you upon the subject of the Nebraska bill; but every time I have heard you mention the subject you have uniformly expressed yourself warmly in favour of the principle of the bill, viz.: The principle of the right of the people of the Territories to regulate the question of Slavery for themselves—a doctrine from which I dissented; and, as I knew we were not at all likely to agree, I sought no discussion of the question.

You have assured me always that you thought it best for the whole country, and insisted that patriotic men in both sections ought to take it. I thought the South must be the loser. I think so now. I understood you to place it upon the ground that the principle is right in itself, and if it works for or against a particular section no one has a right to complain; that you were for the rights of both sections, and willing to take any consequences that might follow the practical carrying out of those rights as you understood them.

Very truly, yours, Jere. Clemens.

General Frank Pierce, President United States.

EXPECTED MIGRATION OF TOBACCO PLANTERS.

That the slaveholders really expect to occupy Nebraska, notwithstanding what is said in certain quarters, is clear from the following paragraphs, which we transcribe from the Charleston *Courier* of the 18th instant. It is part of an answer to the censure passed upon Senator Butler's course by some of his constituents in South Carolina:

"Do the expectants to Senator Butler's course ever ask themselves what they would have gained, if the Nebraska and Kansas bill had passed without the removal or abolition of the Missouri line, to which those regions have been expressly subjected by the legislation and compromise of 1820? The result would undoubtedly have been the compulsion of those territories to the free soilers. Although *we* hold it clear that the Missouri restriction is unconstitutional, there are a large number who think otherwise, and nothing short of its abolition or removal will have the effect of opening those territories to slaveholders. We have reason to believe, from reliable authority, that, without this measure, a non-slaveholding population would at once occupy those territories, and the slaveholders, now there, would have to recede—nay, to give way to an emigrant horde of red republicans, in principle, if not in national origin, full of the deadliest hostility to Slavery. But, remove the Missouri line and restrictions, and Kansas, we are well assured, will be settled by tobacco-planters, for the production of which staple the soil and climate are said to be well adapted; and Nebraska will almost necessarily take a social character, and political complexion, and local institutions, from Missouri, on which it borders. If Senator Butler had deserted his southern associates, he may have contributed to defeat the bill—but he would have assumed the responsibility of dividing the now united South, and would have achieved, for his constituents and the South, 'an Irishman's gain'—he would have gained a loss.

"The bill, reduced to its true character, and freed from all sophistical confusion, and especially from the glosses of men of extreme views, on either side, is nothing more than all territorial bills, under the Constitution of the United States, except that it removes doubt by declaratory legislation, by impliedly, if *not expressly*, asserting the supremacy of the constitution over the unconstitutional Missouri Compromise and restriction of 1820."

Of the possession of the lower part of Nebraska, called Kansas in Douglas's bill, the slaveholders feel very sure, in case the bill shall become a law. The tobacco-planters are ready to emigrate thither with their slaves; and where they fix themselves, the free labourer, "the red republican," as the Charleston print calls him, will not settle. That region is expected to "take its social character, and political complexion, and local institutions, from Missouri, on which it borders;" in other words, Slavery will be transplanted to Nebraska the moment the bill passes. Once planted, we need not say how impossible it will be to root it out. The passage we yesterday quoted from Mr. Butler's remarks, made on Monday in the Senate, shows that they expect to hold their bondmen by sufferance. There is to be no legislation on the subject; the representatives of the territory are to pass no new laws, and yet Slavery is to exist, and spread, and become the custom of the land. The master, when his right is questioned, is to answer, that he holds his work-people as property under the Constitution.—*Evening Post.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to Sydney Howard Gay, New York.

Donations to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society may be forwarded to Francis Jackson, Treasurer, at Boston; or to Sydney Howard Gay, New York.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1854.

TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Twentieth Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society will be held in the City of New York, in the Rev. Dr. Chapin's Church, in Broadway, between Spring and Prince Streets, on Wednesday, May 10th, 1854, at 10 o'clock, A. M. The names of the speakers will be announced hereafter.

The Society will hold meetings for Business and Discussion (in some hall yet to be procured) on the evening following the public Anniversary and on the succeeding Thursday and Friday, May 11th and 12th.

The members and friends of the Society far and near are earnestly invited to be present at the public Anniversary and to give us the benefit of their counsel and co-operation at the subsequent meetings. The condition of the country in relation to the Anti-Slavery Agitation will present for the consideration of the Society topics of the gravest importance affecting its future action; hence a large attendance is desirable.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Pres.

Edmund Quincy, S. H. Gay, Wendell Phillips, } Secretaries.

KOSSUTH ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

One hardly knows which most to wonder at in the great Hungarian exile, his persistent determination to regard everything that is anywhere done in the world as having an immediate and direct bearing upon the question of Hungarian freedom, or his equally firm persuasion that nothing in the world can be done aright except under his immediate direction. The first, indeed, is a very harmless monomania, and quite pardonable in a man whose soul is so filled with love of his own country; and the second might, at least, do no harm if his advice was always as wise as he thinks it called for. Nor, in any view, are we sure that it is of any great consequence. Advice, good or bad, is not often taken; and as, of all sorts, public advice is the cheapest, so it is the least regarded.

M. Kossuth, when he left this country with his benediction, bequeathed to the German population his zeal and his mission, but we have never yet heard that they made any use of the bequest, whether good, bad, or indifferent. The spirit of it, indeed, they are now, we hope, becoming imbued with, inasmuch as they are already aroused to their duty as American citizens and Universal Republicans, to oppose the growth and the agressions of despotism in this country. In doing this, we apprehend, they are doing the best they can for freedom everywhere, Hungary included; and considering the proclivity of their self-appointed god-father, it would not have been strange if this new awakening among them had prompted a word of exhortation from him to urge them on still further and faster in the path of well-doing. The present crisis is one that might have called him forth, and the proposed denial of the right of voting to the foreign population in Nebraska, that thereby that immense region may be given up to slaveholders, and foreigners be thus virtually excluded, is a subject well worthy even of his acknowledged eloquence. And in fact he *has* chosen this time to speak, and to speak to the Germans, but his theme is quite another one than that of American freedom, though the freedom of Europe is, as usual, its burthen.

Among the other hard workers of the Presidential campaign was one Sanders, who edited, with that spirit which has made Tammany famous, a Magazine in this city. Its chief object was to secure for Stephen A. Douglas the democratic nomination for the Presidency; but failing in that, it did, for aught we know to the contrary, its good share of work in behalf of Pierce. Of course it, or rather its editor—for the Magazine soon went the way of all flesh—received his reward. He was sent as Consul to London, an office worth, he himself declares, about fifteen thousand dollars a year. But Republics are proverbially ungrateful; and though the President was disposed to reward a partisan, the Senate, probably for some good reason, though what, is of no sort of consequence, rejected the nomination of Mr. Sanders. And hereupon M. Kossuth speaks.

The last steamer brought an address from him to his heritors, the Germans; and great as has been the entanglement of the Eastern Question heretofore, it is in a snarl now from which we hardly hope to see it disentangled. Mr. Sanders's nomination is rejected, and we may now, M. Kossuth seems to think, consider Europe as good as given over to the Cossacks. There is only one slender hope left to hang upon; and that is that the Germans of this country will rise in their might, and by a judicious and tremendous use of the elective franchise bring the Federal Government to its senses, and especially expel these recreant Senators from their seats *cum magno dedecore*, and in the speediest possible manner. Mr. Sanders in London, and European tyranny hid its diminished head! Mr. Sanders recalled, and despotism stalks abroad again with bold and unblushing front; the fair and fertile fields of Hungary are again a hunting-ground for the destroyer; Italy, the Mother of Art, sinks back again supine and in despair; and the down-trodden and oppressed subjects of Kings and Emperors bury their rage and their hopes alike in the depths of their own sad hearts! It is a shame to our ignorance that we do not know precisely how these disastrous results follow the recall of Mr. Sanders, but M. Kossuth seems clearly persuaded that such is the fact. We are ashamed to say that we have not observed in the English papers any notice of the labours of the consul in behalf of European Liberty—except, indeed, a dinner to M. Kossuth and some of his compatriots be among them—but then, to-be-sure, such things do not always come to the ears of reporters.

What the Germans mean to do at this crisis we have not yet heard. We may, at least, expect an immediate pause among them in their movement in favour of making Nebraska free terrritory, for Mr. Sanders may undoubtedly be counted upon as an advocate of Mr. Douglas's bill. He will not be lost to the world altogether. He will work here in behalf of Universal Liberty, if he cannot abroad, as sure as that two and two make five. And who knows better than M. Kossuth that the cause of Liberty here or there is the cause Universal?

SHALL WE AMEND THE CONSTITUTION?

Mr. Editor: After quoting from my sermon the platform on which I propose to fight the battle of liberty, you remark:

Mr. Beecher's platform is as nearly right, probably, as it can be made without repudiating the Constitution. He proposes to amend that instrument by striking out the clause for the rendition of fugitives. Admitting the possibility of ultimate success in such an attempt, many years must elapse before it can be carried. Meanwhile, what is the North to do? Is she to live up to the Constitution, or violate it? If the former, what is that but a foul compromise with iniquity, by which she must be continually debauched? If the latter, what is to be done with the solemn oath which every man holding office under the Government is required to take? Are we to demand of our Presidents and their subordinates that they shall perjure themselves? With this alternative before him, it is surprising to us that Mr. Beecher can think for a moment of any settlement of the question that does not begin with repudiating at once and forever the present compact between the North and the South. Not until he attains the courage to apply to this question the strictest rule of right can he rationally hope to do anything effectual toward its solution. With our own feet in the slough of compromise, how can we lift others out of the ditch?

You ask how many years before such amendments as I suggest can be carried. Not near so many, I reply, as you will need to carry the repudiation of the Constitution altogether. It will take less time to amend, in my humble judgment, than to reject and trample down that instrument. To amend is a safe, a judicious idea, provided for in the Constitution itself. To repudiate has an air of violence and unreason about it. Take men as they are, and ten will go for amendment, to one who will go for repudiation.

But what has the North to do meanwhile? I answer, she is to *construe* it for freedom, if she can, and those who cannot must decline any office or act which, in their own judgment, binds them to sanction and maintain those objectionable features.

I do not believe that the clause for the rendition of fugitives, if interpreted righteously by a liberty-loving court and jury, would ever send a fugitive *slave* back to Slavery. The court and jury would find that he was a person from whom no service was or could be due, to his master, not even according to the laws of the slave State itself. As well talk of service due from a horse to his owner. Therefore, I could conscientiously swear to sustain the Constitution so far as this clause is concerned. The laws based on this clause are quite another thing. Those I trample under foot as unconstitutional and odious to God and man.

Then as to the three-fifths basis of representation, I do not see that that in any way sanctions the *property* principle. It would be just what it is if the property principle were extinct and the negroes held as apprentices, or hired servants. My objection to it is its inequality. Still I could conscientiously promise to uphold the Constitution while taking the constitutional steps to amend it. And, *with these views*, I see not why all citizens may not vote under the Constitution, while working to amend it. Indeed, you frankly concede as much in a parallel column, where you say:

We have repeatedly admitted that those who can honestly construe the Constitution, as we can not, wholly in favour of freedom, may innocently vote under it. But we have charged with inconsistency and sin those who, while agreeing with us that the Constitution is defiled by compromises with Slavery, yet swear to support it.

Perhaps, however, you may ask, if this be the true construction of the Constitution, why amend it? Why not go for the true construction of it? I answer, because the *construction* is disputed, and it is much easier to establish the *principle* and carry the amendment than to silence the clamours of the Slavery constructionists. Besides, to go for an amendment raises a clear, clean, positive issue—rivets attention, defines the position and developes the principle underlying the whole subject.

Respectfully yours, C. B.

Well then, bring on your Free Soil or other political Anti-Slavery party, the cardinal principle of which shall be—the amendment of the Constitution, to the end that the North shall be totally free of any political responsibility of Slavery. But will not this be simply the result; when the issue is fairly made between the party for freedom and the party for Slavery, you have only reached, and will have to labour for, or accept, that which we now, and at once, propose, the Dissolution of the Union? Such, we believe, would be the fact; but we nevertheless should rejoice to see a movement for amendment of the Constitution, both because it would be in advance of the doctrine of the present Free Soil party, and because it would, if zealously and honestly pursued, come to the positive result at which the Disunionists aim. It is precisely because the Free Soilers do not present a positive issue of this sort that we sometimes find fault with them. The party, as such—and as, for instance, Mr. Sumner did for it in his late speech on the Nebraska Bill—limits its aims and purposes, and proposes to restrict its Anti-Slavery efforts within the bounds of the Constitution, giving to the slaveholders all that that instrument gives them, but not demanding that it shall be made to give them *as* slaveholders, nothing. An Abolitionist seeks for the Abolition of Slavery; politically he demands to be released from all, even the most remote, political responsibility for its support; but as an Abolitionist he has and recognises a duty beyond that.

And herein, after all, lies the real difficulty—an unwillingness to present and accept the definitive issue of Disunion or Abolition. For this issue is the one which the South would make, not the North, if the North, or a respectable portion of it, as to numbers, should demand to be totally free from all political responsibility on the subject, and avow its determination to assert always, and to the end, its determination to carry on without ceasing a moral warfare against the felon system. For the moral responsibility goes beyond, and includes the political responsibility. The American Anti Slavery Society, therefore, merely accepts, as a small minority, the position into which the South herself would force the majority the moment they shall avow themselves to be Abolitionists without concealment and without compromise. We, to be sure, disfranchise ourselves as individuals, but that is rather a matter for the individual conscience than an Anti-Slavery measure; but our Disunion, we repeat, is merely the acceptance of the alternative which the South has over and over again presented to the North if she declines political support of, and moral acquiescence in, the system of Slavery. Why is it not the part both of wisdom and of honesty to come at once to the test and avow, and support the avowal by our acts, that the Union is not worth buying at any such price?

Our Correspondent would trample on all pro-slavery laws based on the supposed compromises of the Constitution, and assume those compromises themselves to be, in reality, in favour of Freedom. And he anticipates the answer, that if this be the true course then there is no need of amendment, by asserting the necessity of amendment because the question at issue is a disputed one. It is very difficult for us to conceive of a sincere belief that the Constitution

LIBERTY OR DEATH.

We commend the following account of the efforts of a man held as a slave in Virginia to escape from bondage, to the notice of those who assert that the bondmen of the South are happy and contented. The conduct of the Captain of the Keystone State was mean and infamous in the highest degree. We copy from the *Philadelphia Register* of the 20th ult.

The practical Patrick Henrys are more numerous than people are aware of. An instance of the most daring and courageous attempt to obtain the boon of liberty has just come to our knowledge. The steamship Keystone State, which arrived at this port on Saturday morning, had just entered Delaware day, when a man was discovered secreted outside of the vessel and under the guards. When brought from his hiding place, he was found to be a fugitive slave, who had secreted himself there before the vessel left Savannah on Wednesday, and had *remained in that place from the time of starting!* His position was such that the water swept over and around him almost constantly. He had some bread in his pocket which he had intended for subsistence until he could reach a land of liberty. It was saturated with sea-water and dissolved to a pulp. When our readers remember the high winds of Friday and the sudden change to cold during that night, and the fact that the fugitive had remained in that situation for three days and nights, we think it will be conceded that he fully earned his liberty, and that the "institution," which was so intolerable, that he was willing to run the risk of almost certain death, to escape from it, had no very great attractions for him.

But the poor man was doomed to disappointment. The Captain ordered the vessel to put in to New Castle, where the fugitive, hardly able to stand, was taken on shore and incarcerated in jail, where he now awaits the order of his owner in Savannah.

The following additional particluars are from the same paper of the 21st.

THE "KEYSTONE STATE" CASE.—Our article yesterday morning brought us several letters of inquiry and offers of contributions to aid in the purchase from his master of the unfortunate inmate of New Castle jail. In answer to the former, we would say that the steamer "Keystone State," left Savannah, at 9 A. M., last Wednesday. It was about the same hour next morning that the men engaged in heaving the lead, heard a voice from under the guards imploring help. A rope was procured, and the man relieved from his dangerous and suffering situation. He was well cared for immediately; a suit of dry clothes was furnished him, and he was given his share of the contents of the boat pantry. On arriving at New Castle, the Captain had him placed in jail for the purpose, as we are informed, of taking him back to Savannah.

To those who have offered contributions so liberally, we answer that the prospect is that only a small amount will be needed—enough to fee a lawyer to sue out a writ of *habeas corpus*. The salt water fugitive claims to be a free man and a native of Philadelphia. He gives his name as Edward Davis, and says that he formerly lived at No. 5, Steel's Court; that he was a pupil in Bird's School, on Sixth street above Lombard, and that he has a sister now living at Mr. Diamond's a distiller on South street. We are not informed why he was in Georgia from which he took such an extraordinary means to effect his escape.

If the above assertion be true, we apprehend little trouble in restoring the man to his former home. The claim of the captain to take him back to Savannah will not be listened to for a moment by any court. The only claim the owners of the "Keystone State" or the captain can have on Salt-water Davis is one for half-passenger fare: he came half the way as a fish. A gentleman who came from Wilmington yesterday assures us that the case is in good hands at New Castle.

A NEW ENGLAND SLAVER.—A correspondent of the *Tribune* writes from St. Thomas to give an account of the misfortunes of a poor fellow from Boston, whose enterprising spirit had led him to adventure a little too soon in a profitable trade. If he had waited a year or two he might have escaped all these difficulties, and come home with both profit and honour. But all great causes must have its martyrs, and New England has never been backward in furnishing her share of them. Is not the great Douglas himself a Vermonter?

About six weeks since a bark belonging to New York from Mayumba, African coast for Havana, put in here, pretending to be in distress. She had no cargo. The captain had a survey upon her in hopes, it is presumed, that she would be condemned, that he might sell her, in which he was disappointed—the surveyors reported but slight damage, and that very light repairs would put her in readiness for sea. She was subsequently sold to an Italian house here for $4,500, the half belonging to one of the owners, being deposited in trust for him when he should send out the proper papers to perfect the sale. The captain, who shared the other half, pocketed his part and sailed for New York on the 10th instant. With reference to the said bark before she came here, the following facts and rumours have transpired to a certain extent. She was fitted out in Boston for her iniquitous expedition with partial cargo and the implements of her infernal traffic, from which port she cleared, and sailed some time in November. She proceeded to the coast of Africa, discharged what cargo she had, and was about to enter on her special errand thither when her crew, being for the first time made aware of the nature of the business, rebelled and were discharged. From this or some other circumstance, finding himself suspected, the captain shipped another crew for $100 a man to run to St. Thomas, and put off, throwing overboard on the voyage the instruments of slave transportation. One report says he was pursued on the Coast and was compelled to throw over the aforesaid furniture and run here to avoid seizure as a slaver. Another report has it that she took a cargo of slaves and was obliged to run into some African port and discharge them to avoid apprehension; and her mate is reported to have told that he has seen 800 slaves in her. Whether she has not been previously and more successfully engaged in the business, may furnish ground for well-grounded suspicions. That she was a slaver there is no doubt, for that was admitted by the captain, and that is the material fact. The incidents of her recent expedition furnish matter for solicitous curiosity, but are less important. That a vessel should be fitted out and dispatched from New England upon the slave-trade, will excite the surprise of the American public. And the fact shows the necessity of vigilance at home as well as on foreign, naval and Consular stations to prevent the participation of American citizens in the slave trade to Cuba and the Brazils.

SOUTHERN LAW.—A Southern paper, the *Darlington* (S. C.) *Flag*, says that the body of a slave, 'supposed' to have been murdered, had been found in that district, and that the verdict of the Coroner's Jury, indeed, was so rendered, and the act imputed to "a young gentleman of the highest respectability—whose uniform gentleness of deportment and amiable character are utterly irreconcilable with the commission of such a deed in a *normal* state of mind!" Which means, we suppose, that this amiable young gentleman has not been in the habit of killing slaves for the fun of it, and very likely would not have murdered this one if he had not been in an unusual passion. The *Flag* further states that probably no further judicial inquiry into the case will be 'practicable,' and it might have added, desirable or customary in such cases. But the reason—it proceeds in its gingerly way to say—"why no further investigation is practicable, *would seem* to be the absence of any witness competent to give testimony in the Courts of the State!" Commend us to the language of the chivalry! A coroner's jury finds that Pompey was killed by his master, and it is *supposed*, therefore, in the community that the man was murdered when his usually amiable master was not in good humour. But there must be an end of the matter, as perhaps not more than a dozen or two of his fellow-slaves witnessed the murder, and their testimony, it *seems*—as if they had no statute books in South Carolina, or that the law referred to is now for the first time heard of—cannot be admitted. It is something, however to see a Southern paper a little cautious in proclaiming the fact, that slaves are murdered with perfect impunity.

SLAVERY IN CUBA.—The *Tribune* gives the following extract from a private letter, dated at Havana, March 1st.

On our arrival at Guiness our first visit was to a sugar estate about three miles from the village. The sugar house is considered one of the best on the Island, and it certainly is a fine establishment, covering as much ground as Polley's distillery at Williamsburgh, N. Y. It contains a large quantity of the most improved French machinery, and American centrifugal refiners (I should think it cost from eighty to one hundred thousand dollars). The estate cannot be less than three square miles, and employs about two hundred slaves. Some of these are Chinese and some Coolies, but the greater part Africans, all of them in very poor condition and spirits—and well they may, being wrought twenty hours out of the twenty-four, and poorly fed twice a day. On inquiring who it belonged to, I was told that the former owner died in New York last year, and his widow had married her own nephew. Only think of this, three miles square of as good soil as any under the sun, and two hundred men, all producing and toiling for the benefit of two such characters as these! And this is but one of the thousands of such cases.

Our next visit was to a small Sugar House further from the village, and on reaching it, being foremost, I jumped off and tied my horse, and, going to the door, I stood as if thunderstruck until my comrades came rushing up to know if I was sick, or what was the matter. I was not sick; but what a sight! About thirty children, from six to twelve years old, perfectly naked were busily employed carrying cane to the mill, and driving the oxen; and two old men, who were unable to walk, were sitting feeding the mill; and in the centre stood a large, stout negro, with a long cowhide, driving these infants, who were more like skeletons than anything else. Indeed, the looks of their protruding white eyes and teeth, without flesh enough to cover them, I will never forget. Passing through this and entering the Boiling House, we found at work a few old men, scarcely able to crawl, their breasts actually resting on their knees, and only covered with a small blanket tied over their shoulders. The only white man in the place was the sugar boiler, and, bowing to him as politely as my temper would allow, I left the scene, hardly able to convince myself that I had not been dreaming of the regions of the damned.

THE IDEAL OF SLAVERY.—Among the papers that the Nebraska business has thoroughly aroused to the enormity of Slavery, the *Tribune* stands foremost, and hardly a number of the paper issues without a strong and stirring article on the subject, which, being borne with, even if not applauded, by its tens of thousands of Northern readers, give the best and most cheering evidence of the growth of right opinion in the Northern mind. In one of these articles, a day or two ago, it submits the following advertisement as the ideal of the state of things which all lovers of Slavery should labour and pray for.

GOING & GONE, AUCTIONEERS—Will sell at Public Auction, in the City of Washington, on the 4th of July, 1954, at 12 o'clock, M., the Furniture, Library, Horses, Carriages and Household Slaves of His Excellency, Ex-President JEFFERSON DOUGLAS STUMP, who is about to leave the United States with his family to make an extended tour through the Russian Empire, upon the invitation of his friend, the Emperor Nicholas III.

In offering for sale this magnificent palace, Going & Gone do not deem it necessary in this advertisement to give a description (which may be found in full in the Catalogue now ready for delivery at their sales-rooms) of its exterior and interior architectural splendours, artistic adornments, and incomparably magnificent furniture, as it is well known that His Excellency spared no expense in purchasing artists of exalted fame to design and produce a palace to equal at least, if not to excel, any that adorns the north front of Central Park.

But G. & G. cannot omit directing the attention of gentlemen in want of slaves, and particularly the notice of slave dealers, to the unequalled opportunity presented by the breaking up of His Excellency's immense establishment, for procuring the choicest and most valuable articles, which G. & G. have ever had the good fortune to offer for public competition.

The palace, library of 50,000 volumes, and furniture, will be sold in one lot. Terms: One-third cash, and the balance, if the purchaser desires, may remain on bond and mortgage for three years at ten per cent.

The Horses, Carriages and Slaves will be sold as per Catalogue in single lots, positively without reserve to the highest bidder. Terms: One-third cash at the time of sale, balance on delivery of the property within five days thereafter.

The stock comprises Sixty Horses, including the celebrated racers, Hurdle, Break-neck, Sherry Cobbler and Ecclesiastic; nine Carriages, and two hundred and seventy valuable Slaves. Among these are:

Dr. LANCET—His Excellency's family physician, aged 42, and perhaps as valuable a piece of property as was ever brought under the hammer. Dr. Lancet's celebrated surgical operations in cancer cases have been the admiration of the faculty, and the subject of eulogistic notices in all the medical journals. Dr. Lancet is no less distinguished as a physician than as a surgeon. He has been twelve years in the service of His Excellency, and possesses his entire confidence, and would now be taken to Europe by His Excellency did not the chances of the escape of such property in that despotic and unenlightened country render that course impracticable. His Excellency parts with the doctor with great regret, and trusts a purchaser will be found who will estimate this article at its full value.

Mrs. LANCET—Wife of the above, a beautiful and accomplished woman, aged 30, healthy and strong, a good housekeeper.

THREE CHILDREN of the above—A Girl, aged 12, and two Boys, aged 10 and 4. They will be sold in separate lots. The girl is remarkably intelligent and beautiful, and great care has been bestowed on her education.

Mr. COMPASS, aged 52, the celebrated architect who designed the new Capitol at Washington and the Douglas Monument, and was purchased by His Excellency at the sale of the effects of the late Chief Justice Doughface, expressly to design and build His Excellency's Palace.

Mr. TINTO, aged 26, the artist who decorated the palace; whose fame is too well known to require reference here to his numerous works.

Mr. TOME, aged 45, the distinguished savant to whom His Excellency allotted the task of purchasing and arranging the 50,000 volumes of the library, which, without doubt, surpasses in value any private collection in the Union. The purchaser of the library would find it to his interest to purchase Mr. Tome—who, like the learned Cardinal Mezzofanti of the last century, is master of 37 languages. He would also be found an invaluable article to any gentleman about forming a library.

The limits of an advertisement will not admit of a full description of the various valuable pieces of slave-property, to the number of two hundred and seventy. Each slave will be sold in a single lot, and full (?) separate descriptions of every one may be found in the catalogue. Besides those above enumerated, the stock comprises three sub-librarians, a chef-de-cuisine who has not his superior in the city, a miniature-painter of the first-grade, five gardeners, a house-carpenter, 19 beautiful girls between fifteen and twenty years of age, highly educated and accomplished, one of them a very remarkable singer and musician; one major domo invaluable for fidelity and ability (he has had for two years entire charge of His Excellency's household); three very superior coachmen, 17 grooms and riders (including the boy Straddleshanks who rode Ecclesiastica when he won the great Dismal Swamp Race against the Southern Pet for $40,000), two book-keepers, one very valuable secretary, a good classical scholar, who also speaks and writes perfectly three modern languages, and was formerly Editor of the *Patrician Courier and Chivalric Enquirer*; one courageous and firm overseer, highly esteemed by His Excellency; one assistant overseer and scourger; thirteen superior boot-blacks and flunkeys; a chaplain of the established church, and a great variety of other valuable domestics too numerous to mention.

Of the above 270 Slaves all are warranted of pure white blood except nine; and warranty-deeds describing pedigree will in all cases be given.

DISUNION OR ABOLITION.—Which is best? Which does he most desire who thinks that the first would end in the last, and yet fails to advocate it? The *Evening Post* of this city says, in answer to the Southern threat that the Union will be dissolved if the North does not accede to the demand for a repeal of the Missouri Compromise:

Very well; let the South try it; we can stand it if the slave States can. The fellow who, in a shipwreck, laid hold of the anchor, and plunged with it into the sea, had twice the chance to swim that the South has with Slavery on her back in this wreck of the Union. Whenever she blots out the stars and stripes, a bomb-shell with a lighted match would be the fittest emblem of her fate that could be substituted. Bordered by free States, over whose boundaries no slave-hound nor slave-hunter would be permitted to cross in pursuit of their prey, the South would soon begin to find that the big feet and long heels of her negroes were not made for nothing. It is time that the South should be given distinctly to understand that she must abide by her contract, hitherto observed through the lapse of a quarter of a century, and that it will require some more substantial danger to frighten us from insisting on it fulfilment than this bugbear of disunion.

The *Post* has only to go a step further, and that is to see and to feel that a Union which holds three millions of human beings in bondage *ought* to be dissolved, and that for the North to maintain it is no more expedient than it is right. A government which does so much mischief cannot, in the nature of things, do much good.

THE JERRY RESCUERS of Syracuse held a meeting, on Wednesday evening of last week, to express their sympathy with the Glover rescuers of Milwaukee. The President of the Common Council, Robert M. Richardson, presided, and the meeting was addressed by him, by the Rev. S. J. May, Rev. Luther Lee, Rev. R. R. Raymond, Rev. L. C. Matlack, Rev. J. W. Loguen, and others. Among the Resolutions was the following good one:

"That the citizens of Syracuse, in the early and triumphant days of the Fugitive Slave law, made one pledge to all the world—*and kept it*—and that we now offer to join Milwaukee and Racine, and all our sister cities of the North, in a holy confederacy, which, by all that is venerable in the memory of our fathers, all that is glorious in the structure of our institutions, all that is precious in the reputation of our country, all that is imperative in the claims of humanity, all that is solemn in the commandments of God, shall swear that no friendless and broken-hearted fugitive shall ever again be consigned to Slavery from the North, under the accursed act of 1850."

THE BLACK WARRIOR.—The difficulty about this vessel is finally settled—as it could hardly help being with all our anxiety for a quarrel with Spain—amicably and quietly. The Cuban authorities offered to give her up, with her cargo, on condition that a fine of $6,000 be paid; and this proposition was accepted, though the payment was made under protest. Probably the Cuban government would accept as many protests as there are Massachusetts legislative Anti-Slavery Resolutions, at six thousand dollars a piece.

THE SENATE OF PENNSYLVANIA passed, on the 23d of March, a series of Resolutions deprecating the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and instructing the Senators and requesting the Representatives in Congress to observe this expression of the feeling of the State. It comes rather late for the Senators, as, perhaps, it was meant it should.

APPROPRIATE TRIBUTE.—We gave an account recently of a discussion, at Norristown, Pa., of the question of African Colonization, between Mr. Pease, Secretary of the Pennsylvania Colonization Society, and Rev. Samuel Aaron. The friends of Colonization subsequently presented Mr. Pease with a gold-headed cane (to remind him, probably, in time to come, of the flagellation he received). Not to be outdone in politeness, the coloured people of Norristown testified their gratitude to Mr. Aaron for his sharp-sightedness in penetrating all the disguises of the Colonization scheme, by publicly presenting to him a pair of elegant gold spectacles in a pretty silver case. The presentation took plade in the Baptist Church before a large congregation. Mr. Aaron made an eloquent speech on receiving the gift, and was followed by Prof. Reason and several other coloured men from Philadelphia. The proceedings were enlivened by appropriate music.

THE TEMPERANCE BILL has finally passed both Houses at Albany, to take effect on the 1st of December. The result is not altogether satisfactory to its friends, as they hoped to have it go into operation on the 1st of May next, but they accept it gladly nevertheless on the principle of half a loaf better than no loaf at all. The bill is not yet signed by the Governor, but it is thought there can be no doubt of his assent. We subjoin the yeas and nays for the information of our New York readers:

YEAS—Messrs. Angle, Bailey, J. R. Baldwin, S. Baldwin, Barrow, Barton, Beers, Benedict, Bennett, Bergen, Boardman, Boyd, Case, Cook, Conkling, Crocheron, Cumming, Dewey, Fiero, Freeman, Gibbs, Gorham, Hall, Harpur, Harris, Hatch, Hinkley, Holdridge, Howell, Hoyle, Hull, Mathias Hutchinson, Moseley Hutchinson, Jenkins, Joy, Kinney, Kirkland, C. C. Leigh, Littlefield, Littlejohn, Lozier, Mallory, Martin, Mather, May, McGraw, McMurray, G. Miller, S. F. Miller, Mitchell, Odell, Palmer, Peters, Richardson, Robertson, Rose, Rowland Scott, Sessions, Sill, Speaker, Sterling, Suffers, Thompson, Thorn, Townsend, Underwood, Weed, Wilson, Wilder, D. Willis, J. E. Willis, Williams, Winne, D. P. Wood, J. S. Wood, W. H. Wood—77.

NAYS—Messrs. Aitken, Baker, Baucus, Bostwick, Burgess, Clinton, Collins, Cost, Cushman Dawson, A. A. Dunlop, Ferguson, Germain, Gott, Graham, Maguire, Morris, Randall, Searing, Seeley, Smalley, Stephens, Ward, Whipple, White, Whitman—26.

MINESOTA A SLAVE STATE.—The Burlington (Iowa) *Telegraph* points out one consequence of Douglas's Nebraska bill, should it become a law, which we have not seen noticed elsewhere. It is not, to be sure, a matter of any great importance comparatively, as the present movement will end, if it gains what the slave power aims for, in such a subjection of the whole country that slaves may be held as safely north of Mason and Dixon's line as south of it. A chain-gang in Broadway, or a Slaver in the stream, may be a common sight two years hence, and no more unlikely now than the Fugitive Slave bill was five years ago, or the recall of the Missouri Compromise a year ago. But here is what the Iowa paper says of Minesota becoming a Slave State:

"The western half of Minesota, which lies north of this State and west of the Mississippi, forms a part of the old Louisiana territory, in which Slavery was prohibited by the Missouri Compromise. Should the Nebraska bill become a law, this western half of Minesota will become slave territory, whilst the eastern half will remain free under the ordinance of 1787. This will render a division of the present territory unavoidable—and if Congress should be at a loss for a name for the new 'sovereignty,' we would respectfully suggest that it be christened after the *soubriquet* of its distinguished sponsor, 'Little Giant.'"

THE GERMANS.—The *Cincinnati Gazette* classifies the German papers throughout the Union on the Nebraska question. The list, we suppose, is full, and it is an encouraging evidence of the position of the most intelligent class of foreigners among us that their papers stand *eighty* against Douglas's bill to *eight* in favour of it, thus:

	For Douglas's bill.	*Against said bill.*
Massachusetts	—	1
New York	1	15
New Jersey	—	1
Pennsylvania	—	14
Ohio	4	14
Indiana	1	3
Illinois	1	6
Michigan	—	1
Wisconsin	—	8
Iowa	—	1
Missouri	1	4
Kentucky	—	4
Louisiana	—	3
Maryland	—	2
Texas	—	2
California	—	1

A RESCUE AT AUBURN was confidently anticipated on Saturday last in the case of a fugitive slave, George Washington, whose time, as a convict, in the State's prison, expired on that day, but who, it was reported, would be immediately arrested for transfer to the great prison-house of the South by his former master. This master, it is said, has recently been to see the convict, and was aware of the exact time of the expiration of his sentence. But whether he did not care to recover the slave, or whether he thought the recovery would cost more than it was worth, it is certain that the man received his discharge unmolested. The preparations for a rescue, in case of the arrest of Washington, are said to have been somewhat formidable, and the excitement among the people of Auburn intense. A good hearty riot and successful rescue would have been a telling Anti-Nebraska meeting, but we rejoice that the man got off without such a demonstration.

THE ENGLISH DEPUTATION OF FRIENDS.—The deputation of the London Yearly Meeting now on a visit to the various dignitaries of this country, to expostulate with them on the subject of Slavery, have been, we observe, in Washington during the past week. They waited, so says a Washington letter-writer, upon the President, and heads of departments, and were received with civility, and listened to with attention. Their mission to this country will do quite as much toward emancipating the slave as that of the deputation to the Czar has done to ensure the peace of Europe. In both cases there will have been an abundance of fine words, but in neither will the old proverb be falsified.

DUEL EXPECTED.—The only report we have to make of Congressional proceedings during the past week is a debate between Breckenridge, of Ky., and Cutting, of this city, in the House. It is mainly of a personal interest, though showing the spirit and method by which the South hope to bully, if she cannot persuade, the North into an acceptance of the Douglas Bill. Mr. Cutting was accused by his opponent of hostility to the Bill for moving its reference to the Committee of the Whole. An angry debate was the consequence, and that has resulted in a challenge. No fight, however, is known to have taken place when we go to press (Thursday morning).

DOMESTIC CORRESPONDENCE.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CXLIII.

THE ARGUMENT.—*The Correspondent relateth the Agitation consequent on learning the danger of the Sims Commissioner—The Sims Excitement outdone—Unexpected and unaffected terrors—Terrible effects in State Street—Bulls and Bears in tears—The Public Meeting—The Committees of Safety and of Vigilance—The Sims Brigade volunteer their Services and on what terms—The Correspondent speaketh a good word for them—And for the Police—Present State of affairs—The present danger of the Commissioner—His popularity—The Curtis of ancient and modern times—The risk he ran—His exceeding great reward—The Correspondent descendeth to Common Doings and treateth of Hanging—The Hearing before the Committee—Who spoke and what—Gov. Clifford and his Convict—Homage to Public Opinion—The Correspondent compareth New York with Boston as an Anti-Slavery Lecturing field, and praiseth it, &c. &c. &c.*

BOSTON, March 28, 1854.

WE have been in a state of fearful agitation here for a few days past. Boston has been shaking like an Earthquake in the fever and ague. The Sims Excitement was nothing to it—a mere puff of the bellows alongside of a Typhoon in a sudden access of insanity. For of what account was the peril of a miserable negro like Tom Sims compared with that which the public has just learned threatened Mr. George T. Curtis, the great Sims Commissioner? The news fell upon our Community "like a clap of thunder from a clear sky" (as some orator somewhere said, lately, about something—but the agitation of my mind forbids my stopping to verify my quotations) that that well-beloved citizen and faithful functionary "had hazarded not merely personal popularity, but personal safety, and probably life itself, in the discharge of his Constitutional duty to the South!" There can be no doubt about it, for he vouches for it under his own hand in the *National Intelligencer!* He says so himself! The news produced the deeper impression on the general mind from the circumstance that it was entirely unexpected. Nobody had ever heard of it before. But that made no difference in the sensation except to deepen it by admiration of the intrepid self-command which had so long kept it such a secret. As soon as the statement appeared, it absorbed every mind, all business was suspended, Boston became as a City of the Dead, you would have thought State Street a second Ramah for "the lamentation and weeping and great mourning" that went up therefrom. Elderly merchants rushed wildly into each other's arms, exclaiming "Our Beautiful, our Brave!" The proverbially flinty hearts of the Stockbrokers were melted for the time. The nomenclature of the Natural History of the Alley suspended its significance for a season. Bulls and Bears fell upon one another's necks and lifted up their voices and wept aloud. Two *per cent* a month lost all its charms. Borrowers and lenders were swallowed up in one indiscriminate horror. Could the tears that were shed that day have been coined to drachmas, what a rich city Boston would be! As it was, all they did was (though the streets were exceedingly dusty) to make the office of street-sprinkler a sinecure ever since.

As soon as the first agony had a little subsided, the entire population rushed to Faneuil Hall to consider what was to be done in such a state of things as was now first brought to their knowledge. I have not time to give you the particulars of the Resolutions or the Speeches (which will, doubtless, be speedily published in full) that marked the occasion. Suffice it to say that the citizens of Boston rallied as one man around their beloved Commissioner, and pledged their lives, fortunes and sacred honour in his defence. A Committee of Vigilance of One Thousand citizens was appointed, and a Committee of Public Safety of a like number, to take measures for his security. The Sims Brigade, in the most gallant manner, volunteered to keep watch and ward over him, as they did over the traitor Sims. They only stipulated for unlimited hot suppers, brandy and champage, at the City's expense—a demand which, having the precedent of the occasion on which they won the honourable augmentation of their style which they enjoy, we cannot think the City Government will hesitate to grant. It is to be hoped, likewise, that the Mayor will follow the same line of precedents, and order the entire Police force (night as well as day) on this perilous but necessary service. Having in some measure provided for the exigencies of the case, the citizens dispersed, to meet again, however, on the Common, upon the sound of the Bells, all of which were ordered to be rung upon the first intimation of approaching danger. A comparative calm now broods over the city, and the ordinary course of business begins to go on as before. But, still, men can think of nothing else, and it will be long before our usually quiet community will recover its pristine equanimity. The only reproach that I have heard used towards our beloved charge is, that he was unkind in not telling us of his peril earlier. For it is the unanimous opinion of men of all parties that Mr. Curtis is as much in danger of his life now as at the time when he restored the ungrateful Sims to contentment and happiness. Indeed, it is generally believed that he is nearer death, by almost three years, now than then.

As you are not an inhabitant of this City, you can hardly form an adequate idea of the sacrifice Mr. Curtis risked in "hazarding his personal popularity." It did indeed show a self-devotion which makes *Curtius* of old look like a time-serving sneak, to have ventured the loss of such a treasure for the public good. The amount of this gentleman's personal popularity in this City, and throughout the State, wherever he is known, can hardly be exaggerated. Long before he had set the final seal upon the public esteem by the act which will secure his name a place in history—long before that, he was, by common consent, the most popular man in the State. Indeed, he was then, as well as now, a proverb in all men's mouth for the universal affection in which he was held.

"None saw him but to love him,
None named him but to praise!"

A bland and affable address, soft and insinuating manners, "a countenance that is a benediction," obliging and courteous deportment in all business relations, were some of the claims by which he held the general love. And to think that such a man was in danger of losing, not merely his popularity, but his life! It is too much for the endurance of common human nature! But it is consoling to think, not only that his life has been spared unto this day, and it is to be hoped will be long preserved, through the precautions now taken by his fellow-citizens, on being told that it had been in danger, but that his popularity has also survived undiminished. It is honourable to our common human nature to be able to affirm that his personal popularity, though it could hardly be increased, was not in the least diminished even at the time by the heroic act to which he refers. We are fully convinced, with him, that his life and his personal popularity were equally in danger at that time. And we glory in the assurance that they are now both beyond the reach of malice or of envy.

It is hard to recover oneself after dwelling so long on so agitating a topic, and to descend to common things again. And I don't think that I have much else to tell about. The question of Capital Punishment has been set forth at large, before the proper Committee of our General Court, by Messrs. Phillips, Garrison, Theodore Parker and John A. Andrew in favour of the prohibition of that public amusement, and by Dr. Beecher the elder, and Dr. Waterbury, of this city, in favour of its encouragement. There was a marked difference, however, between the two Reverend gentlemen, the former being willing the experiment should be tried, if it had been found to work well in other States and countries, while the latter maintained the sanctity of the Gallows as a favourite institution of its Divine Founder. It is to be hoped that the Committee will report favourably and speedily, as the life of a poor wretch to be taken next month depends upon it. Two years ago the law was modified, providing that the criminal sentenced to death should be confined in the State's Prison for one year, and to remain there for life, unless taken out by the Governor for death. Governor Clifford concluded his Administration by doing just this thing and signing the Death-warrant of a man he had prosecuted to conviction as Attorney-General, the year before. It was an observable sign of the change which has taken place, and is going on, in the public mind, that Governor Clifford and his Council thought it necessary to put forth an elaborate statement of the reasons that induced them to this course. It is not long since the noticeable thing would have been that any impediment should be thrown in the way of due execution. Then the Governor would have been expected to explain himself for *not* hanging a man. So the world creeps along in the right direction.

It is rather an odd thing, that New York should have been a better Public for Anti-Slavery Lectures, this winter, than Boston. But so it has been. The Course of Anti-Slavery Lectures, understood to be under the auspices of Mrs. Stowe, has not been generally well attended, I am sorry to say. Mr. Ward Beecher and Mr. Greeley were the only two speakers that drew full houses. It is hard to account for the oddities of such experiences. But it may be that the public here prefer the plain speaking of the old-fashioned Abolitionists, at the Melodeon, at their semi-annual meetings, to the more cautious harangues of reverend clergymen, however excellent they may be. The subject, too, has been much more frequently treated before popular audiences here than with you, which may partly account for you beating us. And, then, your village is rather bigger than our hamlet. But, be the cause what it may, we do not envy, we only wonder and admire at your success, and hope that ours may be greater and not yours less another year.—D. Y.

SUMMARY.

Hon. Thomas F. Marshall, of Ky., who made such a sensation here twelve years ago as a Temperance lecturer, has again become a sottish drunkard.

Large editions of the debate on the famous New England clergy petition are publishing for distribution. They will be furnished to any one on application to any Whig member of the New England or New York delegations

HO FOR NEBRASKA!—A company is forming at Chicago for colonizing Nebraska. The *Tribune* of that city (18th ult.) says:

"The colony met last night, and determined to start for Nebraska on Monday morning next.

PITHY DISPATCHES.—On the night of the New Hampshire Election, about 6 P. M., one of the especial friends of the President in Concord, sent to him the following dispatch:

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES:
The State has gone to h——. G.——E.

NEBRASKA ANAGRAM.—The Boston *Commonwealth* says: Some wicked Free Soiler in Cambridge has sent us the following truthful and amusing anagram:

"Who helps us slaveholders?"
"Stephen Arnold Douglas, or gold and treason help us."

THE DOOR CLOSED AGAINST HIM.—The *Congregationalist* says: "We understand that Matthew Hale Smith, Esq., lately editor, and also lecturer against the Liquor Law, has applied to the Suffolk North Association for re-admission into their body, with a view of resuming his cast-off clerical character, and that his request was denied by a unanimous and very hearty vote."

ESCAPE OF SLAVES.—Considerable excitement has existed recently in Norfolk and vicinity growing out of the sudden and mysterious escape of many slaves from their owners in that city and neighbourhood; and the escape the present week of three more servants employed at Mr. Reynolds's National Hotel has given a new impulse to the excitement. The slaves, it is supposed, have been smuggled off to the North in vessels, a mode by which it has been ascertained many others have lately found their way to the Northern States.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

Miss Eliza W. White, daughter of Thomas W. White, Esq., deceased, long publisher of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, has been giving public readings from Shakspeare in Richmond, Va. (her native city), with decided approval. We congratulate the South on this evidence of Progress, and trust it is well pleasing to the *Examiner*. Knowing Miss White as a lady of eminent worth, we thank her most heartily for the step she has taken, and trust she may be encouraged to persevere in her readings.—*Tribune.*

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—We have received a very polite and well-written letter from Mrs. Frances D. Gage, of St. Louis, in which she informs us that she will shortly be in this city, for the purpose of delivering a short series of lectures on the subject of Woman's Rights. Mrs. Gage says: "I ask no endorsement, but earnestly request a candid hearing." She has been lecturing, quite recently, before the Illinois Legislature at Springfield, from which place the editor of the St. Louis *Republican* writes most favourably of her language and manner of speaking.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Extract from a Paris letter: "Judge Mason, our new Minister, has taken a house permanently at No. 26 Avenue Gabriel, facing the Champs Elysees. It is the most beautiful spot for a residence in Paris, and is also convenient of access for business. Mr. Mason has employed a tall coloured man, of the true Virginia type, who was brought out here fifteen or twenty years ago by an American minister, and who has remained in Europe ever since in the employ of American Ministers, either here, in St. Petersburg, or in Germany. He speaks French, Russian, and German, and is as polite as a well-raised Virginia servant united to a French dancing master. His honest black face in the ante-chamber of Mr. Mason does one good to see, and looks more like home than anything I have seen this side of the water."

MORE AGITATION.—A number of slaves have recently escaped from Norfolk and Portsmouth to northern States; and for some time past an excitement on the subject having prevailed among the people of those cities, on Monday last [20th ult.] a meeting of citizens of Norfolk County was held at Portsmouth to consider grievances from the cause alluded to. Resolutions were passed to the effect that, as certain slaveholders had lost their human property, and that this property had escaped in a vessel to New Bedford, Mass., therefore a Committee should be appointed to draw up a statement of the matter, and another be empowered and requested to lay the same in person before his Excellency, the President of the United States, and to solicit from him such action after the premises as he may deem it proper and competent for him to perform.

We notice in the Cleveland papers, in the list of Graduates of the Medical College of that city, the name of Miss Emily Blackwell. We are glad to learn that this institution, which has been for some years the largest medical school in Ohio, has determined to take an independent position and to open its doors to all good students irrespective of sex. We understand that Miss Blackwell, who is a sister of Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, of this City, having studied for several years in the West, and for the last two summers at the Bellevue Hospital, is about to visit Europe to pursue her medical education. We sincerely hope that the liberal course of the Cleveland College will be rewarded by a continuance of its prosperity, and that Miss Blackwell, on her return to America, will find her efforts crowned with the success so useful and honourable a course deserves.—*Tribune.*

GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.—A bill has been introduced into the Ohio House of Representatives to provide for a geological survey of the entire State. By this proposition Ohio is to be divided into six districts, and the work be done by one principal geologist and a sufficient number of assistants. A map at least seven feet by six, engravings to illustrate the final report, the topography of every square mile of territory, assays and so on, are all provided for in the bill, and taxation to the amount of one dollar per square mile—$40,000 per year for the State—to pay the expenses.

The seventh section of the bill is this:

After the first year of field survey the Legislature shall appropriate a requisite sum of money to purchase (in one tract) one square mile of land; and after the second year of field operations, the Legislature shall contract for appropriate buildings to be erected thereon, to be known as the "Agricultural College of Ohio," in which college shall be taught animal and vegetable chemistry, animal and vegetable physiology, geology, botany, agriculture, and all other branches tending to develop and perfect agriculture.

EXECUTION.—The Charleston (S. C.) *Standard* gives an account of the execution of Thomas Motley and William Blackledge, at Waterboro', for the murder of a slave. The prisoners were conveyed from Charleston to Waterboro' by a detachment of the military. A little before 12 o'clock, in the yard of the district jail, the prisoners were executed. They seemed humbled, and prepared for their fate. Rev. Mr. Prentice, an Episcopal clergyman of this city, attended them on their journey, and gave them, to their end, his pious services. Wm. Blackledge leaves a wife and five children. Thomas Motley was not married. He was visited by two of his brothers at Waterboro', whom he begged to tell his parents that he was comforted by the hope that he had made his peace with God. There was no effort made to rescue the prisoners, and no evidence that any such effort was intended. Thomas Motley was executed first, and Blackledge, who was a spectator of the painful scene, with perfect calmness, made requests of the officer in reference to the mode of his own execution. The several detachments of soldiers present upon this occasion staid only until the last sad offices were over, and then started upon their return to their several homes.

IGNORANCE AND SLAVERY.—The following extract from the report of the State Superintendent of Schools is Louisiana is instructive:

"A local, parochial and State supervision of the schools is what is most needed. There should be, in every parish, a Board of Examiners, consisting of three or more, whose duty it should be to examine applicants for the situation of teacher. In some districts the directors are totally incapable of performing this duty, for the very potent reason that they themselves do not know how to read or write. In looking over the warrants of teachers on file in this office, there were found in one parish the ordinary mark of twelve different directors; in two or three of the districts, there were two out of three who signed their mark. This is truly a deplorable fact, and one which unprincipled teachers have not failed to turn to their own pecuniary advantage. Two out of every three of the Directors should be required to know how to read and write!"

To a system which produces results like these, we are called upon to open the vast territories of the North-West which, for thirty years, have been pledged to Freedom Forever. Freeman of the North! Shall the future States north of 36 deg. 30 min. enjoy the school system of Louisiana or that of Massachusetts?

JUSTICE AND LAW.—The *True Delta*, of New Orleans, thus notices a singular case now before the Supreme Court of Louisiana, in which a mere legal formality is held as of more consequence than substantial justice, even though life is dependent on the decision:

"Some slaves in one of the country parishes were indicted for murder, and convicted upon the confession of a female slave who did the act, but pretended that she had been instigated to do so by certain other slaves. The woman who committed the murder was sentenced to receive a comparatively slight punishment, while her accomplices were condemned to suffer death. The jury, in trying the cause, based their verdict excl

Miscellaneous Department.

IMITATION PEARLS AND DIAMONDS.

THE science of imitation of the works of nature has never been carried to greater perfection than by the French; and in none of its branches does it excite more astonishment and admiration than in the art of imitating precious stones.

One of the most curious sights in Paris, or, indeed, in the whole world, is afforded by a visit to the vast atelier of M. Bourguignon, situated at the Barriere du Trone, where the whole process of transforming a few grains of dirty, heavy-looking sand into a diamond of the purest water, is daily going on, with the avowed purpose of deceiving everybody but the buyer. The sand employed, and upon which everything depends, is found in the forests of Fontainbleau, and enjoys so great reputation in the trade, that large quantities are exported. The colouring-matter for imitating emeralds, rubies and sapphires is entirely mineral, and has been brought to high perfection, by M. Bourguignon. He maintains in constant employment about a hundred workmen, besides a number of women and young girls, whose business it is to polish the coloured stones, and line the false pearls with fish-scales and wax. The scales of the roach and dace are chiefly employed for this purpose, and form a considerable source of profit to the fishermen of the Seine, in the environs of Corbeil, who bring them to Paris in large quantities during the season. They must be stripped from the fish while living, or the glistening hue which we admire so much in the real pearl cannot be imitated. The Paris pearls have been of late years perfected to so great a degree that the Roman pearl, which delighted our grandmothers by its supposed skilful imitation of nature has been entirely out of the field. It is, however, to the "cultivation" of the diamond that M. Bourguignon has devoted the whole of his ingenuity; and were he to detail the mysteries of his craft, some of the most singular histories of "family diamonds" and "heir-looms" would be brought to light. The single fact of the sudden falling off in the pattern orders, that is, execution of orders according to pattern, on the decrease of the *fureur* of lansquenet, gives rises to many a sad conjecture, and M. Bourguignon could tell us the tale, no doubt, of the gradual conversion of the contents of many a fair lady's *ecrin*, which, coming to her on her marriage from Fossard's splendid show-room, have been replaced, in secret, by Bourgaignon, and worn in the very face of him who gave them, without exciting the smallest suspicion. Often, on the other hand, has the artist's skill been called in requisition to deceive the trusting wife, who had confided her diamonds to the safe keeping of her husband or his confidential man of business. Some curious coincidences, worthy of dramatic record, have occurred in that same retired, *distingue*-looking shop of Bourguignon's on the Boulevard. A few months ago, one of our fair compatriots entered it, looking rather flushed and excited, and drawing from her muff a number of morocco cases of many shapes and sizes, opened them one after another, and spread them out on the counter. "I wish to learn the price of a *parure* to be made in exact imitation of this," said she, "that is to say, if you *can* imitate the workmanship with sufficient precision for the distinction never to be observed." Bourguignon examined the articles attentively, named his price, and gave the most unequivocal promise that the *parure* should be an exact counterpart of the one before him. The lady insisted again. She was urgent overmuch, as is the case with the fair sex in general. Was he sure the imitation would be perfect? Had he observed the beauty and purity of these stones? Could he imitate the peculiar manner in which they were cut? &c. "Soyez tranquille, madame," replied Bourguignon; "the same workman shall have the job, and you may rely upon having an exact counterpart of his former work." The lady opened her eyes in astonishment and trepidation, and M. Bourguignon, with unconscious serenity, added, by way of reassuring her, "I will attend to the order myself, as I did when I received the commands of Milor ——, who ordered this very *parure*, I think, last February;" and, with the greatest unconcern, he proceeded to search his ledger, to ascertain which of the workmen executed it, and what the date of its delivery. Meanwhile the lady had sunk down in a complete fainting fit. Milor ——, whom Bourguignon had named, was her own treacherous lord and master, who had forestalled her, by exchanging Rundell and Bridge's godly work against Bourguignon's deceptive counterfeit; no doubt to liquidate his obligations on the turf. "But the worst of all," adds the worthy artist, who recounts the scene with infinite humour, "was the utter fury into which Miledi fell, when she recovered from her swoon, reproaching me for having aided her husband in deceiving her; for she herself had never discovered the difference between the false and the real, although the diamonds made by Rundell and Bridge had been in her possession ever since her marriage, and had been worn by her upon every state occasion.

Not only, however, is domestic deception carried on by means of M. Bourguignon's artistic skill, but he has often been called upon to lend his aid to diplomatic craft likewise. Numberless are the snuff-boxes, "adorned with valuable diamonds," which issue from his atelier in secret, as the reward of public service, or skilful negotiation; innumerable the portraits, "set in brilliants," which have been mounted there, to gladden the hearts of chargé-d'affaires, attachés and vice-consuls. The great Mehemet Ali, like all great men who, when they commit little actions, always do so on a great scale, may be said to be the first who ever introduced the bright delusions of M. Bourguignon to the unconscious acquaintance of the children of that prophet "who suffered no deceivers to live."

The wily old Mussulman, who knew the world too well not to be conscious of the value of an appearance of profusion on certain occasions, had announced that every pacha who came to the seat of government, to swear allegiance to his power, would return to his province laden with presents of jewels for his wives. It may readily be imagined that, under such conditions, the duty became a pleasure, and that there needed no second bidding. Meanwhile, Mehemet, with characteristic caution, had dispatched an order to his envoy, then sojourning in Paris, to send him forthwith as many of the diabolical deceptions of the lying Franks, in the way of mock diamonds, as he could collect. Bourguignon undertook to furnish the order, which was executed in due course, and duly appropriated, no doubt, causing many a Mashallah! of delight to fall from the lips of the harem beauties of Egypt, and many an Allah hu! of loyalty from those of their husbands, at sight of so much generosity. It is thus that civilization will in time stride round the earth and enable us to deceive one another according to our peculiar means and resources—a result certainly never anticipated by any of the great civilizers of the world.

One of the most ingenious inventions of M. Bourguignon, and the one upon which he prides himself the most, is that of chrysophate, which, for a long time, created a kind of *fureur* amongst the fashionables of Paris, and was described amongst the discoveries of the period as a *pierre precieuse*, newly discovered, and of a *valeur inestimable*. The invention is, however, strictly due to the Duchess de Berri, whose excellent taste and refined coquetry conduced in so great a degree to the advancement of every art of the toilet during her time.

Upon the creation of the grand *fetes* given to the Duc d'Angouleme, on his return from Spain, her Royal Highness, who at that time was the glass of fashion, was anxious to discover some *parure* which would in daylight help her complexion to a little harmony. The task was difficult: diamonds were too brilliant for her deadened glance; pearls blackened her skin, turquoise made it look yellow, emeralds were dark and heavy. "If I could only find some precious stone of a bright green!" exclaimed she in very weariness, when she had tried the whole of Talochon's display. Old Talochon laughed, as well he might—the thing did not exist. Madame would not believe it. In vain he protested. If it did not exist, it must be discovered, for bright green she must have! Ironically, the name of Bourguignon was mentioned as the most fitting man for such discoveries, but, contrary to expectation, the duchess took the thing *aux serieux*. She sent immediately for Bourguignon, and the result of their conference was the discovery of a "bright green stone, called crysophate, of a value inestimable," which adorned the over-bright tresses of the fair duchess on the occasion of the military reception at St. Cloud, and which the journals of the day described as having been found in the mines of Chile, and as being destined to be registered amongst the greatest discoveries of modern times.

A visit to Bourguignon's shop will inspire the mind with wonder to behold the perfection with which art can be made to imitate the most exquisite productions of nature. The lustre of the diamond; the richness, the double reflection of the ruby; even the caprice and deviation in the form and colour of the pearl, escape not the cunning eye of the artist. Some of the *parures* are valued as high as five or six thousand francs. The workmanship, however, is as tasteful and costly as any produced by the first jewellers in the world. The setting is always of real gold, and the fashion of the newest kind. A tiara from the shop of Bourguignon, of the price of six hundred francs, will rival in effect and delicacy of finish its neighbour, which may have cost as many hundred pounds: none can tell the difference but those who have been allowed to handle it, and breathe upon it, and touch it with the tongue, and apply an acid to it, in order to see whether or no it becomes tarnished on the instant!

Really, if all this trouble becomes necessary to detect deception, why, ignorance is bliss, and the distinction must be literally one without any difference whatever.—*London Court Journal.*

LETTER FROM MISS MARTINEAU.

AMBLESIDE, March 3, 1854.

To the Editors of the Evening Post:

THE value which the English people set upon the kindly sympathy of their American brethren renders them willing to bear with some occasional misconstructions, in consideration of the general feeling which may easily be connected with it. The most remarkable case I know of, of the sympathy on the one side and forbearance on the other, is that of the condition of Ireland. For many years now, the Young Ireland party have had their way and their say in the United States, unrebuked and unocrrected by the English who know the truth of the story, but who were silent while there was no use in speaking. They respected the American feeling on behalf of the wretched; they knew it would be in vain to ask attention to the facts of Ireland's political condition, while her social state was so miserable; and they also had confidence that time would correct mistakes and render justice. The recent revelation of the character of at least one Irish "patriot," affords an opportunity which some American friends of mine in London beg me to use, to put the case of Ireland before your readers rather more correctly than they have understood it from the Mitchels and Meaghers, who have set up for representatives of their country, its opinions, desires and feelings.

Young Ireland says that Old Ireland is oppressed. Oppression, and by the English, is the one thing we always hear of from the sympathisers. Oppression by England must be political oppression, of course. The ordinary notion in American minds seems to be, that Ireland is a dumb victim, bound and trodden on, &c., &c. Nobody seems to be aware that the Irish have representative institutions, like the English, Scotch and Welsh; and precisely the same rights in the imperial legislature. The disabilities of the Catholics were a national grievance, as the Irish were, for the most part, Catholics. But these disabilities were removed a quarter of a century ago; and I certainly am unaware what political hardship the Irish have since had to bear. If the church is denounced, I will heartily join in the denunciation, as I have ever done. It is an insult, an unjustifiable act in every way, to establish and endow the church of the minority in any country, while neglecting the church of the majority. But this is not one of the "oppressions" which are pleaded as a reason for rebellion. The rebel leaders of 1848 are Protestants, and, if they were not, neither they nor anybody else can doubt that (so little as the church establishment touches the poor man in pocket or otherwise) one single day of rebellion is a greater affliction to the poor Irish than half a century of church. By the way, I may mention as a sample of the principle of these "patriot" leaders, that one of them—Gavan Duffy (now in parliament)—finding that Protestant leading of Irish malcontents did not answer, proposed to give up the Protestantism, saying, "We must go back to the old Holy Well." It is, indeed, only by keeping the poor Irish immersed in superstitions, scarcely creditable at this day, that any revolutionary feeling can be maintained; and therefore it is that an educated man, fit for a seat in parliament, proposes to "go back to the old Holy Well!" The enormous rashness of exciting an ignorant multitude to rebellion, without any clear aim, or intelligible statement of political grievance, we, on this side the water, are accustomed to attribute to ignorance, and the recklessness which is its natural consequence. If the leaders had known anything of history, anything of the principles of social construction, anything of political economy, any of the many things that they ought to have known before leading the multitude to insurrection, they would not have sought a cure for social evils in political convulsions, &c. You would not have had the Mitchels and Meaghers among you at this day. As for the way in which they were regarded by good men, who did *not* rebel, they were excused—partly on the ground of their manifest ignorance, and partly because the misery of Ireland was really so dreadful, that almost any effort for a change seemed pardonable. But these men forfeited that amount of sympathy (in which, by the way, James Haughton was conspicuous), by the barbaric tone of the newspapers and speeches. They proposed not only vitriol, molten lead, and hot sand, but iron hoops, red hot, to be dexterously cast from the houses on the soldiers, to pin their arms to their sides, and at the some time, burn them to the bone. Enough of that!

Ireland was, as they alleged, most wretched; but the misery was from social and economical, and not at all from political causes. They cry for repeal was the cruelest mockery ever offered to a suffering people. They were, in fact, really and truly "oppressed" when they had a legislature of their own; and the only possible rescue for them from their being made a property of by the heads of native factions, was by means of the protection of the imperial parliament. If the Irish people send good representatives to parliament, they are safe. They can no longer be bought and sold as they were before the union, and as they would be again if they had a parliament sitting in the midst of factions, and made up out of their elements. The Americans seem to think that the Irish nation in general has desired the repeal of the union, and that the English would not let them have it. This is a mistake, as perhaps they are by this time aware. The very ignorant, priest-ridden and most suffering part of the peasantry desired it, at one time, simply because they were told that it would cure every man's evils, and give every family the possession in fee of a bit of land; but the intelligence, knowledge, good sense and sound feeling of the Irish nation was always in favour of as close a union with Great Britain, as could be formed—as close a one as is now retrieving the condition of Ireland, and rapidly extinguishing her characteristic woes.

It is impossible, within the compass of a letter, to assign the real causes of Irish misery. It must suffice now to sketch the most rapid way, the state of Ireland ten years ago and now. Religious liberty was conferred, as far as law can ensure it. The religious feuds which were then raging, and which are raging still, were due to the spirit of men and of churches, and not at all to Queens, Lords and Commons. The horrible poverty of the peasantry was owing to old land-laws (of Irish making), by which estates were burdened and insolved; and in the struggle for rents, the con-acre system was resorted to, and all prosperity, progress and security was rendered impossible to the peasantry. Their representatives would not allow those laws to be touched; and the visitation of the famine was necessary to break down the barbaric pride and selfishness of the Irish landlord class. The famine came, and the ruin it brought enabled the imperial parliament to lay the foundation of a better system—a system in which the landowners themselves find a most welcome relief. Under the Incumbered Estates act, the land has been released from debt, and largely divided; and the consequence is a springing up of prosperity wherever new purchasers settle, and old proprietors find themselves released from debt. By the Poor Law, provided by England, the most suffering classes have been carried through the fearful struggle that succeeded the famine. Half a million of children are educated in schools of an admirable character, such as most of us would fain see in England. As for the lamentations over the deserted and roofless villages, one would heartily sympathise in them, if the villagers had formerly been happy and were now dead. But, on the contrary, they were a hungry, depressed and priest-ridden mob, whose condition seemed irremediable, while too bad to be borne; and now these very people are enjoying life and its good things in your country, in Canada, in Australia, or elsewhere. Enough are left to till the soil; and, I can assure you, from personal knowledge, that they are, in general, heartily attached to the new owners of the land, who are bringing in capital, instituting good cultivation, and paying good wages. It is a curious thing, as I can testify, to enter Ireland with a headful of the talk of the Mitchels and Meaghers, and then to converse with the peasantry and their chosen friends, and here them tell how, in the case of distressed poor-law unions, the government has "stood by the people;" and to see them point out scores of farms and estates where the residents, old or new, are now rising in the world again, and employing all the labour in the neighbourhood. The agitators' names are mentioned with shame or not at all; the obligations to England are more and more understood; and any declaration on "the wrongs of Ireland" would now meet with a cold response, except from priests, whose flocks have escaped or from a handful of priest-ridden victims, who are denied education, and every blessing of good government that their church can intercept. Such alone are now the followers of the Meaghers and Mitchels; whether they deserve any better, you can judge as well as we.

Yours, respectfully,
HARRIET MARTINEAU.

BREAKFAST WITH THE BLACK PRINCE.

WE were going ten and a half, the lee top-sail braces and top gallant bowlines checked, three reefs out; the ship lying down to the land-breeze, but the water smooth as a mill-pond. "It was a fine-weather evening; the sun gone to bed, the moon rising. We were not far from Cape St. Nicholas Mole, and standing northward along the west shore of St. Domingo. Navassa lay far to leeward, and Cape Tiburon—which is Cape Shark—was long out of sight astern.

Ahead sailed the Sybille frigate, flag-ship of Sir Home Popham, commander-in-chief on the West India Station, and our design was to pay a visit of ceremony to his sable majesty King Christophe, whose dominions constituted the northern portion of the island.

By carrying much sail, our little sloop of war kept up with the frigate, and we entered the road-stead of Cape Henry at the time predicted. Those of us who desired it, were allowed next day to join the officers of the Sybille, and at seven a.m. we were all present at a grand parade of the garrison, which numbered three or four thousand men.

But who was Christophe? One of the most extraordinary people of his time. He had a black court, and maintained an orthodox Red Book, with a "peerage," and a ministry of able men with French titles, such as the Duc de Marmalade, and the Comte de Limonade. But these ministers were saved much trouble in administration of affairs by his Majesty's own wonderful capacity for business. Politic, astute, he was governing Hayti with more wit than was displayed by many an European monarch. He drew the string rather too tightly, as after events showed. But his reign followed that of the bloody Dessalines, one of whose generals he had been.

I found all the world speaking French in his dominions; for as all the world that has heard of Toussaint l'Ouverture knows, the negro kingdom has been based on a French colony. Buildings, fountains, fish-ponds, parks, bridges, all were French. The royal palace was the Tuilleries in miniature. It had its *gardes de corps*, its sentries *en grande tenue*, its parade ground, levelled and in the trimmest order. The town, however, seemed to be made up of the remains of former grandeur—a place of melancholy squares and grass-grown streets, now half in ruin. In the old times St. Domingo was tropical France, and Cape Henry—then Cape Francois—little Paris, having for rival only Fort Royal of Martinique. I speak here of the northern portion of the island; for the south-eastern is Spanish—that is to say, Spanish-negro.

The southern parts of the island, broken into rocks of fantastic shape, covered with foliage and luxuriant verdure, and gladed down to the bright sea in park-like beauty, present a matchless picture to the eye. Were it not for the heat of climate, fatal often to the new-comer from Europe, and the living things of tropical danger that haunt its waters and its earth, St. Domingo would be an Eden. I have still remembrance of Aux Cayes and Isle de Vache on the south-western shore, and a day's ramble there. The weather was not oppressively hot, for it was early March; but as I walked along the shore—sprinkled, as it was, with "sunbeam shells"—the water looked so clear and inviting, that I determined on a plunge. I got into one of the deserted boats, and pushed off into the calm and tideless sea. There could be no danger in bathing so close in, and I was getting ready for a spring overboard in five feet water, when a shark swam, fin up, between the boat's nose and the beach, close under me. "Thank you," thought I, "for showing yourself. I think I will not bathe to-day, my friend."

I landed again, and rejoined our party just in time to witness a strange hubbub. They were hauling in the seine, a great commotion was inside—fish jumping in every direction, and the water was lashed into foam by some great fellow. An alligator was entangled in the net. We happened to be near the mouth of a small stream which these creatures frequened. The net was landed, and the beast dispatched by the third lieutenant, who struck it on the head with the back of a hatchet, fracturing its skull. It proved to be a young one, of about nine feet long, and was afterwards taken on board as a curiosity. We were then new to the West Indies, or we certainly should not have taken it on board. The smell of musk emitted by the carcase was so strong, that the abomination soon was slipped into the water. After such experiences, we learned to think of English parks and hills, and little English trout-streams with respect; they no longer seemed tame to us in contrast with the richer beauties of the tropics.

I shall be spinning my yarn into a tangle if I do not mind. With leave I will go back to seven a.m., and be witnessing a grand parade of the garrison of Cape Henry. The Prince Royal commanded. He was a stout young negro in general's uniform, a crimson coat with gold embroidery, white leathers, and military boots; all from top to toe—boots, face and lace—shining in the bright morning sun. It was a dismounted parade; for there were three regiments of cavalry on the ground (the Life Guards, probably) and half-a-dozen of infantry of the line, besides part of the foot household brigade. There was scarcely so much glitter as there might have been. The arms, not browned, were yet rusty—perhaps from the night dew—and the cavalry appointments were somewhat dim; in fact, there was suggested to our minds a great scarcity in the island of Bath-brick, rotten-stone, and heel-ball. The dragoons were most ferocious-looking fellows. "Dismal the rattle of their harness grew," as they marched past at quick time. They wore the brass helmet of the French heavy horse, with its red hair hanging down behind, and finished with a tuft in front; high boots, green coats, and crimson breeches, with black belts. They had muskets instead of carbines, huge spurs, and the long straight cavalry sword hooked up for marching. Altogether they looked very unclean and rusty; but fierce, dangerous, and service-like, every man black as a cloud full of thunder. An English officer of Highlanders near me, whom we had brought up from Porte-au-Prince, affirmed that the wheelings were precise and well executed, the trumpet-calls exact, each point of war beaten on the drums, and the whole thing admirably done.

The troops seemed indeed to live under strict martial law, and went through a parade in mortal terror. Their adjutant and instructor was a Prussian disciplinarian of unbending severity.

The parade over, and still before breakfast, we were summoned to be presented to their Majesties. The transition from the noise of war without, to the repose of grandeur within, was very noticeable. No man could have gone better through the whole ceremony of the presence chamber than Sir Home. He was a dignified as well as intelligent officer; who, while he sacrificed nothing of position or rank, yet conducted every circumstance of his visit in such a manner as could not fail to gratify the king, whose guest he was. He may have had some little difficulty in keeping so many sailors, most of them very young men, in hand; but altogether, he had no great reason to complain of us—and he did not complain.

The Queen and the Princesses Amèthyste and Athènaide stood in rank as at a St. James's drawing-room, having *dames d'atours* and maids of honour in attendance, pages, and lords in waiting. For the satisfaction of my fair readers, I have great pleasure in stating that clear muslin over purple silk or satin was the general wear. All were in grand costume, and the men covered with embroidery. The marvellous things that had been done by the Court friseur that morning with the negro hair made it impossible for us to confine ourselves to silent wonder at the wigs we saw. Christope alone was plainly dressed—that is, by comparison. There was a quiet display of regal circumstance about his Majesty that was a little striking. He seemed to have taken Napoleon for his model in attire, as in many other things; wearing the dark green chasseur coat, white kerseymere knee-breeches, and purple morocco boots to meet them. He had the silver cross of St. Henry, his own order, on his breast; no other ornament; and he was carrying a three-cornered hat under his arm.

Thus, then, the royal family of Hayti, held a reception; officiating at it with a French grace, surrounded by a court brilliant in costume, and equal in dignity and resplendency of paraphernalia to the whitest of imperial circles. Having backed myself out, and again edged myself in amongst those who had the *entrée*, I became the observed of a maid of honour. But I had eyes only for Christophe, and at him I was gazing with a stare more sailor-like than courtly. Mademoiselle de Limonade, the brown and lovely maid of honour, took upon herself to school me.

"*Eh bien, monsieur, comment le trouvez vous?*" which would say—"I hope you will know him again!"

"How do I find him?" I replied, talking my English idioms into French words, "For all the world like Napoleon."

"For all the world!" said Mademoiselle, with some dignity. "But, Sir, the King is for himself, and for no one else."

"Pardon," I replied; "is he not for his people?"

"Oh yes, certainly yes," exclaimed my fair friend, much delighted, and smiling as she made a graceful half-curtesy, which has never been made better in England.

"And I had seen the great Napoleon, then! How? when? where?" she wished to know.

"It was on board the Bellerophon, at Plymouth."

"And what was he like? how was he dressed?"

"For all the world," I replied, "like his Majesty except the boots; because when I saw him, it was after dinner."

"The deuce!" exclaimed Lady Katharine, laughing—but that surely was not a courtly word—"But you have no mosquitoes then at Plymouth!"

The lady left me to tell the Queen, as I supposed, that I was the man there present who had seen Napoleon. From her Majesty, she passed to Christophe, and interrupting a conversation with Sir Home, made to him some laughing communication *—apropos* to his boots, no doubt—and told her story perhaps with embellishments, as a glance at myself and a smile from the King implied.

Breakfast was prepared for us in a spacious room, and eaten from the most superb English china. There were two tables, a separate one—round which was the royal family assembled—being placed apart from the long set-out, where the black peers mingled with their white acquaintances. At the first table sat the admiral at the king's right hand, with one or two highly-favoured lords, and as many ladies in waiting; amongst whom figured the damsel who had favoured me with her attention. The entertainment was—except the Coalbrook Dale breakfast service—in all respects French. Light wines were there in profusion, claret of the best, preserved fruits, and more substantial though at the same time more mysterious products of Parisian cookery. Of course, too, there was delicious coffee.

I sat down between two dukes, whose titles I failed to catch; though one sounded like De Bossu, and over him I upset a bowl of brandy-fruit, in turning quickly to the elbow-touch of a servant. Great was the discomfiture of my noble friend, who struggled in vain to remove the syrup with his doyley, from velvet cuff and gold embroidery, and continually muttered, in terms fortunately unintelligible to me, what I have no doubt were maledictions on the awkwardness of all seafaring people. The King soon after this rose from table, and all followed his example, when my thickset neighbour De Bossu had to sustain the stifled laughter and condolence of his peers—and a great deal more pity from the peeresses, who gathered around. I was quietly informed that my friend was a very peppery man; and, finding all my own endeavours after peace to be quite vain, I departed, leaving him among the ladies.

We are apt to laugh at some of the St. Domingo titles. Let me observe that the Comte de Limonade was Minister for Foreign Affairs, and wrote state papers that would have done credit to a Metternich. These dukedoms and countships were derived from extensive districts, containing fine estates of the same name, and as large as some German principalities. We did not laugh at Prince Puckler Muskau when he stepped from his carriage at Mivart's covered with orders, rings, and gold chains. Why laugh at Limonade, who is not more given to such peurilities?

Dessalines—prince of cut-throats—having swept the country of every French soul; Hayti lay then at the disposal of Christophe. He did what white men, in like circumstances have done; gave to his nobles lands—and let the commonality occupy where they might. He did also what white people have not always done, instituted colleges, and established Lancasterian schools over his kingdom.

It was arranged that we were to go to Sans Souci the next morning—there were several royal chateaus, and one called "*Délices de la Reine*"—but the *Sans Souci* was the gem, and at Sans Souci it was proposed that we should spend a day. Nine or ten carriages accordingly waited for us at the appointed hour, each with its noble owner in attendance; and into a handsome chariot drawn by six horses, I stepped with a brother officer.

The vehicle was the production of Long Acre, and the silver-mounted harness seemed of modern date. In other respects the set-out was old French; the postillions wore long coats of pink and green, with cocked hats and tails, and jack boots. They carried enormous whips; which, however, the brisk looking boys were not likely to need. The men bowed to each other, smiled, spoke Jasmin and La Fleur, caressed their horses, and mounted with a "*ca, ca!*" and a "*hola!*" So away we went.

I need not describe our visit to Sans Souci, the Haytian Balmoral. We were told of a strong fortress among the mountains filling the horizon in which the courtiers fabled that there was a royal treasure to the amount of sixty millions of pounds value, no more and no less. We wandered with black maids of honour over lawns smiling with the richest and softest beauty. We dined luxuriously from tables covered with the finest damask, and set out with a profusion of rich plate. We were served by footmen in the royal livery of blue and black, with thin shoes and silk stockings. When the cloth had been removed, though thirty years have passed since then, I still remember the grizzled head of Christophe as he rose to speak; and, being overcome with some thought, passed his hand before his forehead, and sat down while the breeze was sighing audibly in the thick foliage outside an adjoining open window.

We left Hayti after the stay of a day or two, and were, I believe, at Jamaica, when a vessel from Monte Christi, a port on the Northern shore of St. Domingo, brought important news. This was two months after our visit to the Black Prince. My captain, crossing over to the side of the deck where I was, and holding a letter in his hand, told me of Hayti being in revolt, the government upset, the King dethroned. Christophe had been seized with illness; poison was hinted at. His English doctor prescribed for him in vain; and, while he lay thus prostrate, a revolution broke out. It began with the mutiny of one regiment, the ringleaders of which were immediately shot. The flame, however, spread. The Englishman was offered untold riches, could he but enable the King to sit his horse for one hour, half an hour, ten minutes: in vain. Christophe was able only to think, to plan, and to give orders from his couch, that never were obeyed. Partial risings took place amongst those who had considered themselves hardly dealt with. Pillage began; massacre followed. The royal guards poured out of their barracks into the great square before the palace—Christophe's proposed ten minutes might have bound them to him; but they joined the movement. Obnoxious officers were sacrificed upon the spot, the Prussian adjutant being the first to die. The Prince Royal was forced into the ranks; his uniform having been first torn from his back, but he himself was only maltreated: for being popular, they did not kill him. Christophe, lifted into his carriage from a back door, fled at a gallop for his mountain fastness. The garrison of that still remained faithful.

The Queen and the Princesses escaped on board a merchantman which carried them to England. Amongst the domestics of the palace, there were, as ever, some devoted people who perilled gladly their own lives to save their master and his family. The mountain hold proved to be no shelter for the king against a host. The country rose, the troops followed the flying monarch, and he was soon surrounded in the den to which he had escaped, by a mixed multitude. Christophe saw then that his hour was come; mercy was not to be expected from a rugged populace and a revolting Prætorian band. He was summoned to surrender, and replied by discharging a pistol into his own heart. So he died. The mob sacked his treasured tower, and if they carried away property worth sixty millions of pounds somebody's nest must have been very warmly feathered.

As a man and a king Christophe may have deserved his fate; but as a giver of good dinners, whose politeness and whose champagne I had appreciated, he is remembered by me to this day, as a man whom it was surely barbarous to crush.—*Household Words.*

A FEW JOTTINGS ABOUT MAPS.

THERE are many interesting features presented by maps, and many various circumstances attending their production. Of course, every one knows that as the earth is globular and a map flat, there must necessarily be some kind of distortion in spreading out the various districts and countries; but so long as the portion of country represented on a map is small, or the scale large, the distortion is of no importance. When, however, a large portion of the earth's surface is represented on one sheet, the map-pist is puzzled to know how to render the distortion least inconvenient. He adopts different projections, as they are called, according to the purpose for which the map is intended; as the musician adopts one among many systems of tuning or temperament, to lessen a musical difficulty which can never be wholly removed from keyed instruments. The globular, the orthographic, the steroprophic, the gnomonic, and Mercator projections, are so many ways of treating a difficulty which cannot be got rid of. None but a student of geometry can rightly understand these terms; and no ordinary readers of ordinary maps need trouble themselves about them, for the maps of countries are generally so managed as to render the distortion as little as may be.

Where a map is pasted on a spherical surface to form a terrestrial globe, the distortion disappears altogether, for the mimic world is shaped nearly like the real one. But, then, it requires that the paper itself shall be peculiarly shaped; for if a large sheet of paper were pasted on a globe, it would wrinkle round the edges. It requires that the map should be in several pieces, shaped something like the profile of a double-convex lens: there are generally twelve of these, to embrace 30 degrees of longitude each; but the number is sometimes twenty-four, of 15 degrees. Or there may be two circular pieces, to comprise the regions within the two polar circles; and then the remaining pieces or gores would—to use a homely comparison—have somewhat the form of a rolling-pin. Fourteen such pieces, consisting of twelve gores and two circles, would exactly cover a globe without wrinkles, provided they have the due shape and size; and it is the globe-maker's business to see that this due adjustment is obtained. It matters not whether few or all of the pieces are engraved upon one plate, and printed upon one piece of paper; they must be cut out accurately at the outlines, in order that, by being placed edge to edge on the globe, they may completely cover it without lapping or wrinkling. The superior value of a globe over a map depends in part on this exact adaptation of the map surface to the globular surface, thereby obviating the distortion already mentioned.

An interesting inquiry arises, bearing relation to world-maps. In a correct map of the earth, as represented on a globe, what is the relation between the quantities of land and of water? It is not at all generally known how curious are the methods by which this relation has been ascertained. In round numbers, the ratio is known to be about three to one—that is, three times as much water as land on the earth's surface. But scientific men are not satisfied with round numbers, if there is any chance of obtaining others more nearly exact; and we need not feel surprised that the earth's surface has been made the subject of careful inquiry, in respect to the quantities and ratio above adverted to.

So far as we are aware, Dr. Halley was the first to experiment upon the paper of maps, as a means of bringing out results of an analogous character. He wished to find how much land was contained in each English county relatively to the others. He had no Ordnance Maps to aid him in those days; he took a six-sheet map, cut out the counties by scissors or penknife, and weighed the portions in a delicate balance. It is obvious that the correctness of such a method must depend conjointly on many circumstances—such as the accuracy of the map, the equable thickness of the paper, the correctness of the cutting, and the equity of the balance. Dr. Long, some years afterwards, extended the same method to an inquiry concerning the relative quantities of land and water all over the globe. He took the engraved pieces of paper, forming the gores or stripes of a sixteen-inch globe, and cut out the land portions from the water portions, he weighed them against each other, and found that he had 124 grains of land to 349 grains of water. He thus felt emboldened to say, that the water on the earth's surface is a little less than three times the area of the dry land.

But it was left for Professor Rigaud, of Cambridge, to pursue this inquiry with all the nicety of modern science. He has described in full his mode of proceeding in the *Cambridge Philosophical Transactions*. He procured the engraved and printed sheets for one of Addison's thirty-six-inch globes, on paper selected with especial reference to its equability of thickness and quality. The paper was divided into twenty-four gores, like those of a balloon, each representing 180 degrees of latitude, and 15 degrees of longitude. A little calculation shows that such a globe has a surface of 4071 1-2 square inches. Professor Rigaud was not satisfied with ascertaining the ratio between the land and water in each gore, because future discoveries in geography might vitiate the correctness of the whole gore; but if each gore were cut into several pieces, any one of these might be corrected at any future time without disturbing the rest. He, accordingly, cut each gore at the equator, at the two tropics, and at the two polar circles; and he thus obtained six portions or zones of each gore—namely, arctic, north temperate, north tropical, south tropical, south temperate, and antarctic. The whole surface of the globe was thus cut up into 144 pieces, all bounded by definite geometrical or geographical lines, susceptible of exact description. The professor then gave himself the labour of ascertaining the land and water ratio in each of these numerous pieces; each piece was first weighed singly, then it was cut up into land and water, and each of these was weighed twice over in a very delicate balance. Not only were oceans and seas cut at their boundaries, but estuaries, bays, and indentations of coast. Weights were ascertained down to one-tenth of a grain. Another advantage accruing from the cutting of the map into so many pieces was this—that if any slight inequalities existed in the paper, they would probably compensate each other in different parts of the map. The printing-ink upon each piece of paper was obviously too small in weight to affect the result. The experiment was made with one of Cary's twenty-one-inch globes, as well as Addison's thirty-six-inch; and each corroborated the result obtained from the other.

The tabulation given by Professor Rigaud is very elaborate and remarkable. As he succeeded in obtaining 144 ratios between land and water, he could group these together in any way he pleased. He might shew the ratio for the northern hemisphere as distinguished from the southern, the ratio for the tropics as distinguished from the polar regions, the ratio for one gore of longitude as distinguished from another, the ratio for one zone of latitude as distinguished from another. As the number of grains would of course differ according to the size of the globe, he thought it best to reduce the whole surface into 1,000 equal parts, and to express the various ratios in thousands. The minutest point of accuracy which he obtained was this: Land, 265-9233; water, 734-0762; total, 999-9995. We may, therefore, say, that the land to the water is in the ratio of about 266 to 734. This corresponds so very nearly with the ratio obtained by Dr. Long—124 to 349—as to give us confidence in both results. In respect to the great continents and their adjacent islands, the dry land is in the following relative quantities: Europe, 16 1-2; Asia, 89; Africa, 59 1-2; North America, 50 1-2; South America, 35; and Australia, 15 1-2—making up the total of 266. The northern hemisphere has 197 of land to 303 of water; the southern has 69 of land to 431 of water. This last result is a remarkable one, shewing that in the southern half of the earth there is more than six times as much water surface as land surface. In the south temperate zone, between the southern tropic and the antartic circle, the water is more than ten times as much as the land; whereas in the north temperate zone the two are nearly equal.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

An Edinburgh newspaper, the *Evening Post*, says: "It is notoriously the fact, that the lower classes in Scotland, we might say the great body of the population, are the most drunken brutes in the known world."

—— DEATH OF JOHN MARTIN, THE ARTIST.—John Martin, the famous English painter, died on the 17th of February, at Mona, Isle of Man. The "Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still," "Belshazzar's Feast," "The Destruction of Babylon," and "The Deluge," are among the most remarkable of Martin's pictures. He was, like Hogarth, an engraver as well as painter, and engraved most of his paintings.

—— THE LATE R. H. GURNEY, ESQ.—The personal estate of this gentleman—formerly member for Norwich and East Norfolk, in the liberal interest—has been sworn at £500,000 in the province of Canterbury, and £25,000 in the province of York. The residuary personal property, together with the deceased gentleman's landed estates, which are of very considerable value, are entailed on Mrs. John Henry Gurney (the testator's daughter); Mr. John Henry Gurney, and their issue, subject to the life interest of Mrs. Richard Hanbury Gurney.

—— The beard movement in England is one of the most rapid on record, even in these fast times. Whole towns and classes go into it at once. The *Daily News* strongly recommends the clergy to abandon smooth shaving, and return to the manly and majestic beard as worn by the glorious Reformers of the sixteenth century. It says nothing would be a surer preventive of clergymen's sore throat than for nature's covering of clergymen's sore throat than for nature's covering to supersede cravats. The Rev. Peter Barlow, incumbent of Cockfield, has acted on the advice. Some of his people were so highly offended at his resemblance to Cranmer and Latimer, that they left the Church. The great body of the congregation, however, were sensible enough to remain.—*Church Journal.*

—— Mr. H. Glassford Bell, speaking at a meeting in Scotland, a few days since, expanded in an amusing style on his own reminiscences of literature. He had once been editor of an Edinburgh journal, which brought him into contact with many distinguished individuals: and his account of his intercourse with them excited great enthusiasm in the meeting. He had "handed the kettle to Joanna Baillie;" listened to the piano of Felicia Hemans, and walked with her by moonlight on the Calton-hill; trode a measure (this, coupled with the appearance of the speaker, and the consciousness of it expressed by himself in a very good-humoured way, created prodigious merriment) with that fascinating and ethereal mortal, Letitia Elizabeth Landon; heard Moore sing his own favourite songs; rowed on Windermere with Wordsworth, and listended to the spoken minstrelsy of the great wizard, Sir Walter Scott.

—— Victor Hugo, who is known to entertain a strong abhorrence of capital punishment, has addressed a letter to the Home Secretary, relative to the late frightful execution at Guernsey—at which island the distinguished writer resides. In one portion of the letter, he burst out—"A man hung; and what more? a coil of rope to be wound up; some timber work to be taken to pieces, a corpse to be buried. Certainly these are great matters! We will fire the cannon, a little smoke in the East, and all will be over. A microscope will be required to detect Guernsey and Tapner. Gentlemen, this rope, this beam, this corpse, this dreadful though invisible gallows, this suffering, carry us into immensity. They invol